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AN EXTRACT

OF

The Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL, &c.

SUNDAY, *September 2.* At Five in the Evening, I preached in the natural Amphitheatre at *Gravenap*. The people covered a circle of near fourscore yards diameter, and could not be fewer than twenty thousand. Yet upon enquiry I found, they could all hear distinctly, it being a calm still Evening.

Monday, 3. Between Eight and Nine, while I was preaching at *Truro*, we had only a few light showers, altho' a few miles off there was impetuous rain, with violent thunder and lightning. About noon I preached at *Mevagissey*, in a vacant space near the middle of the town, and strongly applied those words, *Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* At Six, I stood at the head of the street in *St Austell*, and enforced on a large and quiet congregation, *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

After visiting *Medros*, *Plymouth*, and *Collumpton*, I came on Friday 7, to *Taunton*. Presently after preaching I took horse: The rain obliged us to make haste: but in a while the saddle came over his neck, and then turned under his belly. I had

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then only to throw myself off, or I must have fallen under him. I was a little bruised, but soon mounted again and rode to *Lymington*, and the next day to *Bristol*.

Sunday 9. My voice was weak when I preached at *Princes-Street*, in the morning. It was stronger at two in the afternoon, while I was preaching under the Sycamore-tree in *Kingswood*: And strongest of all at five in the Evening, when we assembled near *Kings-Square* in *Bristol*.

Tuesday 11. In the Evening I preached at *Frome* but not abroad, as I design'd, because of the rain. The next Evening I preach'd in the adjoining meadow, to as quiet a congregation as that in the house.

Sunday 16. The appointed Preacher not coming in time I preached myself at Five: At Eight, in *Princes-street*, at Two in *Kingswood*, and near *Kings-square* at Five in the Evening, Sat. 15.

It was the day before that I first observed a very uncommon concern in the children at *Kingswood* School, while I was explaining and inforcing upon them, the first principles of Religion.

Tuesday 18. Most of them went to see the body of *Francis Evans*, one of our neighbours who died two or three days before. About seven, Mr. *Hindmarsh* met them all in the school, and gave an exhortation suited to the occasion. He then gave out that Hymn,

“ And am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling Spirit fly
Into a world unknown?”

This increased their concern, so that it was with great difficulty they contained themselves, 'till he began to pray. Then *A—r M—r* and *R—d N—* cried aloud for mercy; and quickly another and another, till all but two or three were constrain-
ed

ed to do the same. And as long as he continued to pray, they continued the same loud and bitter cry. One of the maids, *Eliz. Nutt*, was as deeply convinced as any of them. After prayer, Mr. *H.* said, "Those of you who are resolved to serve God may go and pray together." Fifteen of them did so, and continued wrestling with God, with strong cries and tears, till about Nine o'clock.

Wednesday, 19. At the Morning prayer many of them cried out again, though not so violently. From this time their whole spirit and behaviour were changed; they were all serious and loving to each other. The same seriousness and mildness continued on Thursday, and they walked together, talking only of the things of God. On Friday Evening their concern greatly increased, and caused them to break out again into strong cries. Saturday, 22. They seemed to lose none of their concern, and spent all their spare time in prayer.

Sunday, 23. Fifteen of them gave me their names, "being resolved, they said, to serve God." In the afternoon I gave them a strong exhortation, and afterward Mr. *Rankin*. Their very countenances were entirely changed. They drank in every word.

Tuesday, 25. During the time of prayer in the Evening, they were affected just as the Tuesday before. The two other Maids were then present, and were both cut to the heart.

Wednesday, 26. "I rode, says Mr. Rankin, in the Afternoon to *Kingwood*, and went up stairs in order to retire a little. But when I came up, I heard one of the boys at prayer in an adjoining room. I listened a while and was exceedingly struck with many of his expressions. When he ceased, I went in, and found two others with him; just then three more came in. I went to prayer. The Lord seemed to rest upon them all, and pierced their hearts with deep conviction. The next morning I spent some time with all the children;

and then desired those who were resolved to save their souls, to come up stairs with me. I went up, and nine of the children followed me, who said, "they were determined to flee from the wrath to come." I exhorted them, "Never to rest, till they found peace with God; and then sung and prayed. The power of God came down in so wonderful a manner, that my voice was drowned by their cries. When I concluded, one of them broke out into prayer, in a manner that quite astonished me. And during the whole day a peculiar spirit of seriousness rested on all the children."

"After spending some time in the School on Friday, I desired those I had spoke to the day before, to follow me, which they did, and one more. I pressed each of them severally, Not to rest, till he had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. I then prayed, and the Lord poured out his spirit, as the day before: so that in a few minutes, my voice could not be heard, amidst their cries and groans."

"On Friday, 28. says *Mr. Hindmarsh*, when I came out into the ground, ten of the children quickly gathered round about me, earnestly asking, "What they must do to be saved?" Nor could I disengage myself from them, till the bell rang for dinner. All this time we observed, the children who were most affected, learned faster and better than any of the rest."

"In the Evening I explained to all the children, the nature of the Lord's supper. I then met twelve of them apart, and spoke to each particularly. When I asked one of them, *Simon Loyd*, "What do you want to make you happy?" After a little pause, he answered, "God." We went to prayer. Presently a cry arose from one and another, till it ran thro' all, vehemently calling upon God, and refusing to be comforted, without the knowledge and the love of God."

"About half hour after Eight I bade them good-night, and sent them up to bed. But *Loyd, Brown,*
and

and *Robert Hindmarsh* slipped aside, when the rest went up, being resolved they would not sleep, nor rest, till God revealed himself to them. When they began to pray, some of the others heard them, and one and another stole down, some half dressed, some almost naked. They continued praying by turns, near three quarters of an hour, in which time, first one, then a second, and before they concluded, two more found peace with God. I then went to them and asked *Bobby Hindmarsh*, "Why did you slip aside?" He said, "*Simon Loyd*, and *Jacky Brown*, and I had agreed together, that we would not sleep till the Lord set us at liberty." After I had prayed with them and praised God till about half hour past Nine, I desired them to go to bed. They did so; all but those three, who slipped away, and stayed with *Richard Piercy*, who was in deep agony of soul, and would by no means be persuaded to rise from his knees. The children above, hearing them pray, in a few minutes ran down again. They continued wrestling, with still increasing cries and tears, till three more found peace with God. About a quarter past ten, I went to them again, and observing some of them quite hoarse, insisted upon their going to bed, which all of them then did. But quickly one, and then another, stole out of bed, till in a quarter of an hour, they were all at prayer again. And the concern among them was deeper than ever, as well as more general; there being but four of our five and twenty children, that did not appear to be cut to the heart. However fearing they might hurt themselves, I sent one of our maids to persuade them to go up. But *Jacky Brown* catching hold of her, said, "O Betty, seek the salvation of your soul! Seek it in earnest! It is not too late: And it is not too soon." Immediately she fell upon her knees, and burst out into tears and strong cries. The two other maids hearing this, ran in, and were presently seized as violently as her. *Jacky Brown*

Brown then began praying for *Betty*, and continued in prayer near three quarters of an hour. By that time there was a general cry from all the maids as well as the boys. This continued till past Eleven. My wife, and I, and Mr. *Keard* then went in, and fearing some of them might be hurt, with difficulty prevailed upon them to go to bed, and went up with them.

The maids continued below in much distress. We talked with them a little, and left them praying. But it was not above a quarter of an hour, before *Betty* broke out into thanksgiving. Going in, I asked her, "Now is the love of God free?" She answered, "Free as air: Blessed be God, that ever I came under this roof." The other two remained on their knees, praying as in an agony. I desired them to go into their own room, and they did: yet would not go to bed, but continued in prayer.

"Saturday, 29. I was waked between four and five by the children vehemently crying to God. The maids went to them at five: And first one of the boys, then another, then one and another of the maids, earnestly poured out their souls before God, both for themselves, and for the rest. They continued weeping and praying till Nine o'Clock, not thinking about meat or drink. Nay, *Richard Piercy* took no food all the day, but remained in words or groans calling upon God."

"About Nine *Diana* went into her own room, and prayed, partly alone, partly with *Betty*. About ten, (as *Betty* was praying) her strength was quite spent, and she sunk down as dead. She lay so for some minutes while the other prayed on: but then suddenly started up, praising God with all her might, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable."

"*Mary* hearing her voice, broke off her work, and ran in to her in haste. They all remained praying by turns till twelve: when she lay like one at the point to die. But there was not yet any answer to prayer, nor any deliverance.

"About

“ About One, all the maids and three of the boys went up stairs and began praying again. And now they found the Lord's hand was not shortened; between two and three, *Mary* likewise rejoiced with joy unspeakable. They all continued together till after Four, praising the God of their salvation. Indeed they seemed to have forgotten all things here below, and to think of nothing but God and heaven.”

“ In the evening all the maids and many of the boys, not having been used to so long and violent speaking, were worne out, as to bodily strength, and so hoarse that they were scarce able to speak. But they were strong in the spirit, full of love, and of joy and peace in believing. Sunday, 30. Eight of the children, and the three maids received the Lord's Supper for the first time. And hitherto they are all rejoicing in God, and walking worthy of the gospel.”

All this time it was observed, that there was an uncommon revival of the work of God, in all societies round about. That in *Kingswood*, within a few months increased from an hundred and eighteen to above three hundred members. And every day more and more were convinced of sin, and more and more enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour.

Monday, October 1. and the following days, I preached at many of the towns round *Bristol*, and found the congregations increasing in every place. Sunday, 7. My brother and I complied with the desire of many of our friends, and agreed to administer the Lord's supper every other Sunday at *Bristol*. We judged it best to have the entire service, and so began at Nine o'clock. After it was ended I rode to *Kingswood*, gave an exhortation to the children, and preached to as many as the house would contain. A little before five, I began at the Square, and found no want of strength. At the conclusion of the Morning service I was weak
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and weary, hardly able to speak. After preaching at *Kingswood* I was better, and at night quite fresh and well!

Monday, 8. I preached at *Pensford* and *Slepton Mallet* in my way to *Wincaunton*, one of the dullest places in all the county. I preached on Death in the Evening, and Hell in the Morning. Tuesday 9. It seemed, these were the very subjects they wanted. I never saw this careless people so much affected before.

I preached in Shaftsbury at Noon, in Salisbury at Night. Wednesday 10. I preached at *Fordingbridge*, to a serious, well-behaved congregation. Only two young gentlewomen were at first inclined to mirth. But in the Evening two young women at Salisbury retained their mirth to the end; being greatly diverted with hearing of *the dead, small and great, standing before God!* Now what understanding have these pretty things? Have they as much as many children six years old?

Thursday, 11. About Eleven I preached at *Winchester*, to a genteel, and yet serious congregation. I was a little tired before I came to *Portsmouth*, but the congregation soon made me forget my weariness. Indeed the people in general here, are *more noble* than most in the south of *England*. They receive the word of God *with all readiness of mind*, and shew civility, at least, to all that preach it.

Friday, 12. I walked round the Dock, much larger than any other in *England*. The late fire began in a place where no one comes, just at low water, and at a time when all were fast asleep. So that none can doubt its being done by design. It spread with such amazing violence, among tow, and cordage, and dry wood, that none could come near without the utmost danger. Nor was any thing expected, but that the whole Dock would be consumed, if not the town also. But this God would not permit. It stopped on one side, close

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to the Commissioner's house, and just as it was seizing the town on the other side, the wind changed and drove it back. Afterwards the fury of it was checked, by water, by sand, and by pulling down some buildings. And yet it was full five weeks, before it was wholly put out. Saturday, 13. I set out at Two, and in the Afternoon came to the Foundery.

Monday, 15. I set out for *Oxfordshire*, and was thoroughly wet in my way to *Wallingford*. The congregation was large and deeply serious. Tuesday 16. I preached at *Witney*, in the new house, and again on Thursday Morning. After service, many crouding with me into the house, I spent some time with them in prayer. It was an happy opportunity; and many praised God for the consolation they received.

We had afterwards a fair and pleasant ride to *High Wycombe*. For many years we had little prospect of doing good here. But now the seed which had been so long dead, springs up into a plentiful harvest. Friday, 19. I conversed particularly with several, who believe God has saved them from sin. And their lives, I find, are suitable thereto, and do in no wise dishonour their profession. Saturday, 20. I returned to *London*. So rainy a week I have seldom seen. Yet we have not had one shower while we were abroad, except on Monday morning. Poor reasoners! Who think any instance of providence too *small* to be observed or acknowledged!

Monday, 22. I took horse a little before five, in an exceeding thick fog. But it was gone by Noon. The rain which was suspended all day, began again when we came to *Whittlebury*, where notwithstanding the rain and boistrous wind, the room was filled, both in the evening and morning. On Tuesday noon I preached at *Toncaster*, and in the evening at *Weedon*. Here I heard a remarkable account. An eminently profane man, two or three days ago was swearing to his companions, that he should

should out-live forty of them. Instantly he began vomiting blood, and in ten minutes was stone-dead.

Wednesday, 24. I preached at *Weedon* at five, and about Nine at *Killingbury*, where I was obliged by the largeness of the congregation, to stand in the open air. At first the sun on the side was full warm, as it was about noon at *Horslton*. Thence I rode to *Northampton*, where we had now a more commodious place to preach in, formerly used by the Presbyterians. The people heard with great attention: and many of them came at five in the Morning. Thursday 25. About ten I began at *Brighton*, where likewise the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. About two I preached at *Hadden*, to a far greater multitude, in a delightful meadow. Nor did I find any want of strength when I concluded the day by preaching and meeting the society at *Northampton*. On Friday I preached at *Bedford*: On Saturday Noon at *Hertford*, and in the afternoon went on to *London*.

Monday, 29. I rode to *Colchester*, and on Tuesday to *Norwich*. Wednesday 31, in applying those solemn words, *As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death*, my heart was enlarged and my mouth opened, both to convince and comfort. Surely in spite of the marvellous ignorance which prevails among the generality of people in this city, and the uncommon stumbling blocks which have been thrown in their way, the work of God will not only continue, but increase.

Thursday, November 1. I rode to *Warmouth*, a dull, cold place. Yet this evening we had a remarkable blessing, as also the next evening. Lord, thy thoughts are not as our thoughts! Thou wilt work; and who shall hinder!

Sunday, 4. At Seven I met the society at *Norwich*, and administered the Lord's supper to about an hundred and fourscore persons. Monday 5.

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I met the leaders, and inquired into the state of the society. In all *England* I find no people like those of *Norwich*: They are eminently *unstable as water*. Out of two hundred whom I left here last year, sixty nine are gone already! What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified? What stability can be expected without it? For let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have upon a people, who neither know books, nor men; neither themselves, nor the bible; neither natural nor spiritual things?

Wednesday, 7. I read and abridged an old treatise, on "The Origin of the Soul." I never before saw any thing on the subject so satisfactory. I think he proves to a demonstration, That God has enabled Man, as all other creatures, to propagate his whole species, consisting of soul and body.

Thursday, 8. I set out for *London*. It rained almost all the day: and in the Afternoon so impetuously (the rain being driven upon us by a furious wind) that it was with difficulty we reached *Lakenheath*. Here we found Mr. *Evans* just worn out, a picture of human nature in disgrace. He had not only no more strength than a little child, but no more understanding! Friday, 9. About ten I preached at *Bury* and at *Braintree* in the evening. Finding I was among stocks, I was obliged to strike with all my might: and I trust God did strike some of the flinty hearts.

Saturday, 10. I returned to *London*, and had the melancholy news of Mr. *Whitefield's* death, confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday the 18th. In order to write this, I retired to *Lewisham* on Monday, and on Sunday following went to the chappel in *Tottenham Court road*. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid, that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear. But it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the

the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season: all were still as night: most appeared to be deeply affected. And an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.

The time appointed for my beginning at the *Tabernacle* was half hour after Five. But it was quite filled at Three; so I began at Four. At first the noise was exceeding great: but it ceased when I began to speak. And my voice was again so strengthened, that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. O that all may hear the voice of Him, with whom are the issues of life and death! And who so loudly by this unexpected stroke calls all his children to love one another.

Friday, 23. Being desired by the trustees of the *Tabernacle* at *Greenwich* to preach Mr. *Whitefield's* funeral sermon there, I went over to day for that purpose. But neither would this house contain the congregation. Those who could not get in made some noise at first, but in a little while all were silent. Here likewise I trust God has given a blow to that bigotry, which had prevailed for many years.

Monday, December 3. I took a little journey into *Kent*. In the evening I preached at *Chatbam*, in the new house, which was sufficiently crouded with attentive hearers. Tuesday, 4. I preached at *Canterbury*. Wednesday, 5. We went to *Dover*, where with some difficulty we climbed to the top of *Shakespeare's* Cliff. It is exceeding high, and commands a vast prospect both by sea and land. But it is nothing so terrible in itself, as it is in his description. I preached to a very serious congregation, in the evening as well as in the morning. The same likewise we observed at *Canterbury*; so that I hope to see good days here also. Friday, 7. I preached in *Faversham* at Nine, and in the Evening at *Chatbam*. So we go thro' water and fire! And all is well, so we are doing or suffering the will of our Lord!

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 19. About Noon I preached at *Darking*. The hearers were many, and seemed all attention. About an hundred attended at *Ryegate* in the evening, and between twenty and thirty in the morning: Dull indeed as stones. But cannot *God out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham?*

Tuesday, 25. This was a day full of work; but blessed be God, not tiresome work. I began in the Foundry at Four: the service at *West-street* began at Nine. In the Afternoon I met the children at Three; preached at Five, and then had a comfortable season with the society.

Monday, 31. We concluded the year at the chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. How many blessings has God poured upon us this year? May the next be as this, and much more abundant!

Tuesday, January 1st, 1771. A large congregation met at *Spitalfields* in the evening, in order to renew with one heart and one voice, their covenant with God. This was not in vain. *The Spirit of glory and of God*, as usual, rested upon them. Wednesday, 2. I preached in the Evening at *Deptford*, a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. *Whitefield*. In every place I wish to shew all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man.

Thursday, 3. I spent an hour and a half in beating the air, in reasoning with an infidel of the lowest class. He told me roundly, "I believe God is powerful and the creator of all things. But I am nothing obliged to him for creating me, since he did it only for his own pleasure. Neither can I believe that he is good; since he can remove all the evil in the world if he will: and therefore, it is God's fault, and no one's else, that there is any evil in the universe." I am afraid we could not deny this, if we allowed, That God had "from all eternity, unchangeably determined every thing, great and small, which comes to pass in time."

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Monday,

Monday, 7. I had an hour's conversation with that amiable young man, Mr. *de C—*, whose opinion has not yet spoiled his temper. But how long will he hold out against its baleful tendency? I fear, not to the end of the year.

Tuesday, 15. I dined at Mr. *M—*'s, an upright man willing to know and to live the gospel. I cannot but think, he would be an eminent christian if he were not rich.

Sunday, 20. While I was opening and applying at West-street-chappel those comfortable words, *He knoweth whereof we are made; he remembereth that we are but dust*; it pleased God to speak to many hearts, and to fill them with strong consolation. Now let them walk as children of the light, and they shall no more come into darkness.

Wednesday, 23. For what cause I know not to this day, — set out for *Newcastle*, purposing “never to return.” *Non eam reliqui: Non dimisi: Non-revocabo.*

Friday, 25. I revised and transcribed my will, declaring as simply, as plainly, and as briefly as I could nothing more and nothing else, but “what I would have done with the worldly goods which I leave behind me.”

Sunday, 27. I buried the remains of *Joan Turner*, who spent all her last hours in rejoicing and praising God, and died full of faith and of the Holy Ghost at three years and an half old.

Thursday, February, 7. I met with that ingenious tract, “A Dialogue between Moses and Lord *Bolingbroke*.” It contains many striking and beautiful thoughts; yet some things in it are not quite clear. It is not clear, that Moses includes in his account neither more nor less than the *solar system*. Probably he speaks, either solely of the creation of the earth, and of other bodies as related thereto: Or of the universe; the fixt stars (mentioned Gen. i. 16) including their satellites also. But be this as it may; Is it well, thus to run down all that differ from

from us? Doctor *Pye* is an ingenious man: but so is Doctor *Robinson* also. So are twenty more, altho' they understand *Moses* in a quite different manner.

Thursday, 14. I went through both the upper and lower rooms of the *London Work-house*. It contains about an hundred children, who are in as good order as any private family. And the whole house is as clean from top to bottom, as any gentleman's needs be. And why is not every Workhouse in *London*, yea thro' the kingdom in the same order? Purely for want either of sense, or of honesty and activity in them that superintend it.

Tuesday, 19. I preached once more at *Welling*, to a larger congregation than I have seen there for many years. And many seemed to be uncommonly affected: Particularly one young gentlewoman, who had never heard any preaching of this kind, before this evening. After struggling some time, she cried out aloud, and could not be comforted; altho' her mother told her,—“How good she was: nay and had been all her life.”

Wednesday, 20. We never, that I remember, before, had such a congregation at *Wapping*, either of hearers or communicants; and very seldom such an outpouring of the Spirit. Saturday, 23. We had the greatest number of communicants at *Snowsfields*, that we have had since the chapel was built. It seems as if God were about thoroughly to heal the wound which we received here in the house of our friends.

Monday, 25. I shewed a friend coming out of the country, the tombs in *Westminster-Abbey*. The two with which I still think none of the others worthy to be compared are that of Mrs. *Nightingale*, and that of the Admiral rising out of his tomb at the resurrection. But the vile flattery inscribed on many of them, reminded me of that just reflection

“If on the sculptur'd marble you rely,
Pity that worth like his should ever die.

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If credit to the real life you give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live !"

Sunday, March, 3. After preaching at the chapel, Morning and Afternoon, in the Evening I preached at *Brentford*, the next Evening at *Newbury*, and on Tuesday at *Bristol*. Friday, 8. I went over to *Kingwood*, and found several of the boys still alive to God.

Monday, 11. I set out with *John Pritchard* in a severe frost, and about Two came to *Stroud*. Being desired to preach a funeral sermon, for good old Mr. *Arundel*, I willingly complied, and enlarged on, *These are they that come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments white in the blood of the Lamb.*

Tuesday, 12. The frost changed into rain. About Noon I preached at *Tewksbury*; and at *Worcester* in the Evening. Wednesday, 13. I had the pleasure of spending an hour at *Kidderminster*, with that good man, Mr. *Fawcett*. I reached *Shrewsbury* but a few minutes before the time of preaching. The mob were quieter than usual, as they were likewise the next night. Friday, 15. being desired to give them a sermon at *Wem*, and finding no house would hold the congregation, I stood in Mr. *Henshaw's* yard, where I opened and strongly applied those words, *The disciples were called christians first at Antioch.* We were more at a loss, what to do with the congregation at *Whitchurch* in the Evening. At length we desired all that could to squeeze into the house; the rest stood quietly without. And none, I believe, repented their labour; for God was eminently present.

Saturday, 16. Between Nine and Ten, I began at *Cardinmarsh*. I have not seen the bulk of a congregation so melted down, since I left *London*. In the evening we had a Sunday congregation at *Chester*: And many were filled with consolation.

Both

Both on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, all our congregations were uncommonly large: otherwise I should have regretted staying so long, while the weather was pleasant and the wind fair. Wednesday 20. having agreed with a captain, who promised to sail immediately, we went down to *Park-gate*; but the wind turning, I preached in the Evening to most of the gentry in the town. I preached likewise, Morning and Evening on Thursday. Friday, 22, I embarked on board the *Kildare*, abundantly the best and cleanest ship which I have sailed in for many years. But the wind failing, we could not cross the bar, till about Noon. Saturday, 23. About One, the wind being high, and the sea rough, I judged it was my best way to lie down and go to sleep. Meantime the ship went forty leagues in about twelve hours, and reached *Dublin* early on Sunday Morning. Landing at the Key, I walked strait to the *New Room*, very well, (blessed be God!) and very hungry.

I immediately set myself to enquire into the state of the society in *Dublin*. It was plain there had been a continual jar, for at least two years last past, which had stumbled the people, weakened the hands of the preachers, and greatly hindered. I wanted to know the ground of this: and that I might do nothing rashly, determined to hear parties, separately first, and then face to face. Having already talked with the preachers, I talked this evening with the leaders at large. And from the spirit which appeared in all, I had a good hope, that all hindrances would be removed. On Wednesday Evening I met the leaders again, and gave them an opportunity of explaining themselves further: And on Friday I appointed an extraordinary meeting, at which some spoke with much warmth. But I tempered them on each side, so that they parted in peace.

Saturday, 30. I preached at the new Preaching house, near *the Barracks*, about six in the Evening. Many attended here who cannot, and many who will

not come to the other end of the town. So that I am persuaded, the preaching here twice or thrice a week, will be much for the glory of God.

Sunday, 31. The leaders, stewards, and preachers spoke their minds freely to each other. I now saw, the whole evil might be removed, all parties being desirous of peace.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the classes, and found a general faintness had run through the society. Yet for several days, God has given a general blessing, and strengthened many of the feeble-minded. On Tuesday I preached again at the new house: and many were greatly comforted.

On Wednesday Evening I read over to the leaders the following paper.

1. That it may be more easily discerned whether the members of our societies are working out their own salvation, they are divided into little companies, called Classes. One person in each of these is stiled

The Leader. It is his business,

I. To see each person in his class once a week.

To enquire how their souls prosper?

To advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort them.

II. To receive what they are willing to give, toward the expences of the society; And

III. To meet the Assistant and the stewards once a week.

2. This is the *whole and sole business* of a leader, or any number of leaders. But it is common for the assistant in any place, when several leaders are met together, to ask their advice, as to any thing that concerns either the temporal or spiritual welfare of the society. This he may, or he may not do, as he sees best. I frequently do it in the larger societies. And on many occasions I have found, That in a multitude of counsellors there is safety,

3. From this short view of the original design of leaders, it is easy to answer the following questions,

Q. 1. What

Q. 1. What *authority* has a single leader?

He has authority,
To meet his class,
To receive their contributions, and
To visit the sick in his class.

Q. 2. What authority have all the leaders of a society met together?

They have authority,
To shew their class-papers to the Assistant;
To deliver the money they have received to the stewards; and
To bring in the names of the sick.

Q. 3. But have they not authority to *restrain* the assistant, if they think he acts improperly?

No more than any member of the society has. After mildly speaking to him, they are to refer the thing to Mr. W.

Q. 4. Have they not authority to *hinder* a person from preaching?

None but the assistant has this authority.

Q. 5. Have they not authority to *displace* a particular leader?

No more than the door-keeper has. To *place* and to *displace* leaders, belongs to the assistant alone.

Q. 6. Have they not authority to *expel* a particular member of the society?

No: The assistant only can do this.

Q. 7. But have they not authority to *regulate* the *temporal* and *spiritual* affairs of the society?

Neither the one, nor the other. Temporal affairs belong to the stewards; spiritual to the assistant.

Q. 8. Have they authority to make any *collection* of a public nature?

No: The assistant only can do this.

Q. 9. Have they authority to *receive* the yearly *subscription*?

No: This also belongs to the assistant.

Considering these things, can we wonder at the confusion, which has been here for some years.

IF

If one wheel in a machine gets out of it's place, what disorder must ensue!

In the Methodist discipline, the wheels regularly stand thus: The assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders the people.

But here the leaders, who are the lowest wheel but one, were got quite out of their place. They were got at the top of all, above the stewards, the preachers, yea, and above the assistant himself.

5. To this chiefly I impute the gradual decay of the work of God in Dublin:

There has been a jar throughout the whole machine. Most of the wheels were hindered in their motion. The stewards, the preachers, the assistant all moved heavily. They felt, all was not right. But if they saw, where the fault lay, they had not strength to remedy it.

But it may be effectually remedied now. Without rehearsing former grievances, (which may all die and be forgotten) for the time to come, let each wheel keep it's own place. Let the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, know and execute their several offices. Let none inroach upon another, but all move together in harmony and love. So shall the work of God flourish among you, perhaps as it never did before: while you all hold the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace.

Dublin

March 29, 1771.

Saturday, 6. I gave the sacrament at the Widow's house, to four or five and twenty *that are widows indeed*; all poor enough, several sick or infirm, three bed-ridden, one on the brink of eternity. But almost all know in whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession.

Sunday, 7. I was agreeably surprized to see the largest congregation to day, which I have seen since I landed. The congregations used to be large for three or four days, and then gradually to decline:
but

but they have now continually increased from first to last. This also is a token for good.

Monday, 8. As the weather continued extremely cold, I judged it best to visit the inland counties and the south of *Ireland* first. So to day I rode to *Edinderry*; but was constrained by the keen north-wind to preach within. The case was the same at *Tyrreks-pass*, on Tuesday, 9. where I preached in the shell of the new house. Wednesday, 10. I preached in the Court-house at *Molingar*, to a serious and decent congregation. But they seemed quite unconcerned. Those who met in the Court-house at *Longford* in the evening, were of quite another spirit. They drank in every word, while I explained, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* Who can despair of doing good in any place? None in this kingdom seemed so barren as *Longford*: And that for many years: After near twenty years labour, we sought fruit, but found none. But on a sudden the seed so long hid, is sprung up, and promises a plentiful harvest.

Thursday, 11. I preached at *Loughan* and *Asblone*: Friday, 12. at *Aglim*. Saturday, 13. I rode back to *Asblone*, where there is now no opposition either from rich or poor. The consequence of this is, there is no zeal, while the people dwell at ease. O what state upon earth is exempt from danger; When persecution arises, how many are offended? When it does not arise, how many grow cold and leave their first love! Some perish by the storm, but far more by the calm. *Lord, save, or we perish!*

Sunday, 14. I designed to preach abroad; but the storm drove us into the house. This house was built and given, with the ground on which it stands, by a single gentleman. In *Cork* one person, Mr. *Thomas James*, gave between three and four hundred pounds, toward the preaching-house. Towards that in *Dublin* Mr. *Lunel* gave four hundred. I know no such benefactors among the Methodists in *England*.

Monday,

Monday, 15. I rode to *Birr*, through much hail and snow, driven in our face by a furious wind. So was the hail the next day, as we rode to *Tullamore*. Here likewise I lamented the want of zeal. So the society here also is no larger, than it was two years ago.

On the following days, I preached at *Cooley-lough*, *Mountmebick*, and *Portarlinton*. Monday, 22. I rode to *Kilkenny*. The new preaching house was just finished; a neat and commodious building. But before we came to it in the Evening, it was filled from end to end. So it was the next Evening. On Wednesday, 24. I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

In the Evening, I knew not where to preach at *Inniscortby*, the wind being very high and very cold. But I was in some measure sheltered by the side of an house: and the people standing close together sheltered one another. Only a few careless ones were blown away.

Thursday, 25. Two of our brethren from *Wexford* earnestly intreated me to go thither. I preached in the market-house at ten o'clock. The congregation was very large, and very genteel; and yet as remarkably well behaved, as any I have seen in the kingdom.

By hard riding we reached *Waterford* before Six, where the house tolerably well contained the congregation: So it generally does the first night I am here.

Friday, 26. I laboured to calm the minds of some, that had separated from their brethren. But it was labour lost. After two or three hours spent in fruitless altercation, I was thoroughly convinced, that they *would not*, and *ought not* to be re-united to them.

Sunday, 28. At Eleven, and again in the Afternoon, I went to the cathedral, where a young gentleman most valiantly encountered the *grievous wolves*, as he termed the *Methodists*. I never heard a man strike more wide of the mark. However, the shallow discourse

discourse did good : for it sent abundance of people, rich and poor, to hear and judge for themselves. So that the court, at the top of which I stood, was filled from end to end.

Monday, 29. In the Evening I preached in the market-place at *Clonmall*, to a listening multitude. Some seemed inclined to disturb ; but the serious, well-behaved *troopers* kept them all in awe.

Tuesday, 30. I rode to *Corke*, and on Wednesday May 1. to *Bandon* : but the North-East wind forbade my preaching in the street. I was the less concerned at this, because my business now lay chiefly with the society. Those who had been scattered I laboured to gather up ; those who were drowzy, to awaken ; those that were dead, to quicken ; and to unite all together in following after peace and holiness.

Sunday, 5. I returned to *Cork*, and would fain have preached abroad ; but the violent wind would not suffer it. Monday, 6. I spake severally to the members of the society. Two years ago they were reduced to about an hundred and ninety. They are now only an hundred and seventy : and yet the work of God deepens in those that remain. I found many growing in grace ; many rejoicing in the pure love of God ; and many more, who were earnestly panting after the whole mind that was in Christ.

Sunday, 12. I assisted at the funeral of *Susannah Pilson*. She was one of the first members of this society, and continued firm in the hottest of the persecution. Upwards of twenty years she adorned the gospel, steadily and uniformly walking with God. For great part of the time she was a living witness, that the blood of Christ *cleanseth from all sin*. After a lingering illness, she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator.

Monday, 13. We had an agreeable ride to *Killfinnan*. I designed to preach under the court-house ; but was offered the use of the room above, where the church service has been for these two years, as the

the church lies in ruins. In a very short time, we had a large and attentive congregation. If the parish ministers were zealous for God, the protestants in *Ireland* would soon out-number the papists.

Tuesday, 14. I rode on to *Limerick*, and told the congregation plainly, "If, as is *your* manner, you attend three days and then fall off, I can bestow my time better elsewhere. But if you continue to come, I will stay with you longer." They took me at my word: and continued to increase both morning and evening, as long as I stayed in the city.

Wednesday, 15. A gentleman desired me to visit his daughter. I found a lovely, sensible woman, in the bloom of youth, scarce one and twenty, in the last stage of a consumption. From that time I visited her every day. In two or three days, she was considerably better. But, as I expected, when the hot weather came on, the sweet flower withered away.

Saturday, 18. I dined at Mr. —'s. Such another family I have not seen in the kingdom. He and Mrs. — are in person, in understanding, and in temper, made for each other. And their ten children are in such order as I have not seen for many years. Indeed never since I left my father's house. May they never depart from the good way!

May, 19. (Whitsunday,) The ground in the island being wet, I preached in the Evening near the new Custom-house, on *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink*. I was not a little refreshed, observing so many who seemed to thirst for the living water. I preached there again the following evening, to nearly the same number of hearers. I should have thought it well worth while to have come to *Limerick*, were it only for these two Evenings.

Wednesday, 22. After preaching at *Balligarane*, I rode to *Ashkayton*. There are no ruins, I believe, in the kingdom of *Ireland*, to be compared to these. The old Earl of *Desmond's* castle is very large, and has been exceeding strong. Not far from this, and
formerly

formerly communicating with it by a gallery, is his great hall or banquetting-room. The walls are still firm and intire: and these with the fine carvings of the window-frames, (all of polished marble) give some idea of what it was once. Its last master lived like a prince for many years, and rebelled over and over against Queen *Elizabeth*. After his last rebellion, his army being totally routed, he fled into the woods with two or three hundred men. But the pursuit was so hot, that these were soon scattered from him, and he crept alone into a small cabin. He was sitting there when a foldier came in and struck him. He rose and said, "I am the Earl of *Desmond*." The wretch, rejoicing that he had found so great a prize, cut off his head at once. Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* allowed a pension to his relic for many years. I have seen a striking picture of her, in her widow's weeds, said to be taken when she was an hundred and forty years old.

At a small distance from the castle stands the old Abbey, the finest ruin of the kind in the kingdom. Not only the walls of the church, and many of the apartments, but the whole cloysters are entire. They are built of black marble exquisitely polished, and vaulted over with the same. So that they are as firm now as when they were built, (perhaps seven or eight hundred years ago): And if not purposely destroyed (as most of the antient buildings in *Ireland* have been) may last these thousand years. But add these to the years they have stood already, and what is it to Eternity? A moment!

Friday, 24. I spoke severally to the members of the society in *Limerick*. I have found no society in *Ireland*, number for number, so rooted and grounded in love. We observed this as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much comforted together.

Sunday, 26. The rain obliged me to preach within, at Five in the Evening. It was a season of solemn joy and sorrow. I took horse immediately

after preaching, and rode through continued rain to *Snugborough*, about fourteen Irish miles from *Limerick*.

Monday, 27. We pushed on thro' violent wind and rain, and reached *Galway* in the Afternoon. About Six I preached in the Court-house, by far the neatest which I have seen in the kingdom. Abundance of the soldiers, who were to march for *Dublin* the next day, willingly attended: And not a few of the townsfolk; but (what is rarely seen in *Ireland*) five or six men to one woman. I was enabled to speak exceeding close: and many were stunned, if not wounded. The next evening the number of townsmen was doubled; among whom were the mayor and several other people of fashion. Again. I spoke with the utmost plainness, and could not but hope, there will be a work of God even in *Galway*.

Wednesday, 29. Heavy rain, with furious wind, accompanied us all day. However I reached *Ballinrobe* between Twelve and One, and preached in the Court-house to forty or fifty hearers. Five miles short of *Castle-barr* we took shelter for a while in a little cabin. The poor man brought us the best thing he had, a glass of rum. We talked a little with him and his wife; sung an hymn, and went to prayer; and then, the rain abating, rode chearfully on to *Castle-barr*.

Thursday, 30. I preached about Noon at *Cappavica*, four miles from *Castle-barr*. It is a lone house; but the people soon flocked together. Every one seemed to be exceeding serious: Six and twenty appeared resolved to work out their own salvation, and help each other therein.

Friday, 31. Observing many fashionable people in the Court-house at *Castle-barr*, I spoke with such closeness and pungency, as I cannot do but at some peculiar seasons. It is indeed the gift of God, and cannot be attained by all the efforts of nature and art united.

Saturday, June 1. This is the twelfth day that we have had continued rain, together with March winds.

I dined

I dined at *Rabin*, near *Castle-barr*, one of the pleasantest seats in *Connaught*. It was an old castle, standing between two Loughs, with a river behind, and a wood before. And the inhabitants

“ Did like the scene appear ;

“ Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :

“ Soft fell their words, as flew the air.”

O that the God of love may add to these amiable qualities, all *the mind which was in Christ Jesus !*

Sunday, 2. In the Evening I expounded the gospel for the day, the story of Dives and Lazarus. And now God opened both my mouth and the hearts of the hearers. His word seemed to take fast hold of them, even of the gay and rich, many of whom had wandered in among us.

Monday, 3. I rode to *Sligo* and preached in our own room, to an exceeding serious congregation, such as I have not seen here for many years. But the next evening a young officer, with several pretty gay things, behaved so ill, that I was obliged to reprove them. They took it well ; but we could not recover the fervor which was before swiftly spreading thro’ the people.

Wednesday, 5. I rode to *Ballybannon*, and preached in the Assembly-room. I was acquainted with some of the chief persons in the town ; but they were ashamed to own me. Only some of them sent their *compliments* to me, properly so called.

Hence I rode to *Mannor Hamilton*, and in the evening preached in a pleasant meadow to a very large congregation. But I found little life in the society. Thursday, 6: We came to *Swadlingbar*, and seemed to be got into another world. The people were all alive, full of faith and love, and panting after the whole image of God. The congregation in the evening refreshed me much, by their spirit, as well as their number : They made

“ The hills and the dales
With praises resound ;”

singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. I have heard no such voices since we left *Cork*, nor seen so earnest a people since we left *Limerick*.

Friday, 7. About Noon I preached at *Tennylammon*, four miles short of *Iniskillen*, to just such another congregation, deeply athirst for the full salvation of God. In the Afternoon we rode to Mr. A——'s at *Sidare*. Some time since, one of his neighbours, being angry that his sister resolved to save her soul, by the advice, as he supposed, of *Nancy A——*, came one Sunday in the Afternoon while they were at prayers, burst into the room, struck a woman in the face who would have stopped him, and with his loaded whip struck *Nancy A——* on the temple, so that she lay as dead for several hours. He designed, it seems, to make an end of her at once. And indeed she never has been well since.

Here a tent was set up on a green, glassy place, amidst abundance of people, ripe for the gospel. So I cried, in our Lord's words, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. And it is not easy to express the thirst, the vehement desire which appeared in a great part of the congregation.

Saturday, 8. We set out for *Ruskey*, a little town near *Macquire's bridge*. But before we had gone nine miles, we found a congregation, waiting in the street at *Lismolaw*, where I know not who had given notice, that I was to preach. I at first thought of riding on. But fearing it might hurt the poor people, I alighted and preached immediately. They were all attention while I explained, *Ye are saved thro' faith*. About Noon I preached at *Ruskey*.

In the Evening we came to *Augher*. For several days we have been among some of the warmest christians in the kingdom. All at once we came to a people cold as ice. Here was a lively people! But they have long grieved the holy Spirit of God, and he seems to be departed from them. Knowing few would come to the house, I stood abroad, and had forty or fifty hearers, but unconcerned enough.

Sunday,

Sunday, 9. About Eight, I had a few more, and about an hundred in the Evening. I went to church at *Clogher*. The Dean is one of the best readers I have heard, and one of the most easy, natural preachers. And the congregation was not only large, but remarkably well-behaved.

I seldom look at the old castle at *Augher*, without thinking of the famous Sir *Phelim O' Neale*. In the beginning of the Irish rebellion, he called one night at one Mr. *Kennedy's*, an intimate acquaintance and foster-brother (a very sacred relation among the *Irish*) and said, "Rise, come away with me, that I may protect you, for fear some of my straggling parties should hurt you." Mrs. *Kennedy*, being very near her time, said, "Nay, Gossip, consider my condition, and do not take my husband from me." He replied, "You fool, it is for his own good." But soon after they were gone, Mrs. *K.* said, "My heart misgives me: whatever comes of it, I must follow them." So as well as she could, she walked between her man servant, and her maid, an *Irish* girl. About sun-rise they came near *Augher* castle, where Sir *Phelim* was standing with his men. Just by him was her husband hanged on a tree. Sir *Phelim* seeing her, sent and ordered the man and maid to stand from her. The man did so: the maid replied, "No: I will die with my mistress." On this he ordered his men to fire. She fell, and two infants fell out of her. Such was the mercy of the *Irish* at that time! Such the spirit which their good priests infused into them!

Monday, 10. I was surprized at the improvements made in this county within a few years. For above thirty miles, it is now cultivated like *England*, and sprinkled up and down with little new-built houses. A gentleman of *Dermquin* desiring me to preach there, I began without delay, at the end of his house. It being the fair-day, there was a numerous congregation: but not so numerous as that at *Mallilough*, where I preached about Noon. Be-

tween Six and Seven, after riding more than fifty Irish miles, I reached Derry, and preached on *There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men*. God spake by his word to many tempted souls, and comforted them over all their troubles.

Every Morning and Evening, on the following days, the congregations were larger than I ever remember; and several clergymen were present every Evening. Thursday 13. I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found far more life among them, than I expected. Near one half of the sixty (that was the number of those that remained) I judged to be real believers. What a mischievous injustice it is, to represent all this people as *dead*! It has weakened the hands of the preachers much, and has greatly discouraged the people. The continually telling people, they are dead, is the ready way to make them so.

Friday, 14. I looked over a volume of Mr. Skelton's works. He is a surprizing writer. When there is occasion, he shews all the wit of Dr. Swift, joined with ten times his judgment; and with (what is far more) a deep fear of God, and a tender love to mankind. About Noon I preached at the *New-Buildings*, two miles from Londonderry. The people some time past bore a near resemblance to the colliers of *King'swood*. They were equally without God in the world, and eminent for all manner of wickedness. But old things are past away, and they are eminent now for the fear of God, and the love of their neighbour. I preached there again on Sunday 16, and administered the Lord's supper to the society. I think they were all in tears; but with the greatest part, they were tears of joy and love.

Monday, 17. I met the singers, for the last time. I joined them together two years ago. But as the preachers following took no care or thought about them, they of course flew asunder. And no wonder; for nothing will stand in the *Methodist* plan, unless the preacher has his heart and his hand in it.

Every

Every preacher therefore should consider, it is not his business to mind *this* or *that* thing only, but every thing.

Thursday, 18. Cheerfully leaving Londonderry, I rode through the wild, dreary mountains to Cookstown. Here the scene was changed. The house at which I alighted was filled with *whisky drinkers*: and the whole town, it being the fair-day, was all hurry and confusion. However, about Seven the tent was set up: the people flocked from all quarters, and, considering many of them were far from sober, behaved tolerably well.

Wednesday, 19. I preached at Five and at Twelve to a lifeless company, and then rode through a fruitful country to Stewartstown. A large congregation soon assembled in the court-house, most of whom behaved with decency; though very few of them appeared to understand any thing of the matter.

Thursday, 20. We went on to Castle Caldwell. As we were walking in the Afternoon, an horse that was feeding, turned short and struck me on the small of my back. Had he been but an inch or two nearer, I should not have travelled any farther. As it was, I was well again in a few days. In the Evening, I preached on the lovely green before the castle, to a serious and large congregation. This was the first summer day we have had this year: and this was only warm, not hot.

Friday, 21. About Eleven we had a still larger congregation, near the castle in Charlemount; whom I exhorted to be *not slothful in business*, but *servant in spirit, serving the Lord*. At Seven in the Evening, I preached at Armagh, in Mr. Macgough's avenue. The congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them; while

"The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
"His beams entire, his fierceness lost."

Saturday, 22. I rode to Caladon, where, two years ago, Mr. C— was ready to put me in his bosom. But he did not know me now; so I preached
in

in the street to an exceeding quiet congregation, and rode back in the Evening. Is it strange, that men, or the moon should change?

Sunday, 23. In the Evening, such a multitude of people assembled, and stood so close together, that, though we were in open air, the heat was almost insupportable. Surely God will have a people in this place! The poor, at least, will receive the gospel.

Monday, 24. I preached about Noon at a village, which takes it's name from *the black water*, in which the *Irish* papists drowned so many protestants in 1641. In the Evening I preached at *Clanmain*, to a very dull congregation. Tis well, if the first are not last! Tuesday, 23. I preached at *Cock-bill* in a delightful Evening, under some shady trees. Many of the people were alive to God. Wednesday, 26. I preached at *the Grange*, to a still livelier and larger congregation. But I found the liveliest of all *Derry-Anvil*. Six or seven of this little society still rejoice in the pure love of God. Thus has God his secret ones, in a little corner of the land, surrounded with bogs, and out of all road! Friday, 28. I preached in the street at *Portadown*, to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the Evening at *Kilmaranty*, to the largest congregation I have seen, since we left *Armagh*.

This day I entered the sixty-ninth year of my age. I am still a wonder to myself. My voice and strength are the same, as at nine and twenty. This also hath God wrought.

Saturday, 29. I preached at the end of the market-house in *Tondragee*. Sunday, 30. At Nine, the people flocked from all parts; but much more at Six in the Evening, when we had a *London* congregation, both for number and seriousness.

Monday, July 1. I preached at *Killwarlin*, where a few weeks ago *Thomas Mott* died in peace. In the Evening I preached in the Linen-hall at *Lisburn*, to a numerous congregation. Tuesday, 2. I preached on the green at *New-town*. But the people had
not

not the spirit of those at *Lisbon*. Wednesday, 3. At Ten, I preached to a small congregation, a mile from *Belfast*, and in the market-place there at Twelve. I never saw so large a congregation there before, nor one so remarkably stupid and ill-mannered. Yet a few should be excepted, even gentlemen, who seemed to know sense from nonsense. I have found as sensible men at *Dublin* as at *Belfast*; but men so self-sufficient I have not found.

I preached at *Carrickfergus* in the Evening, and Thursday 4. went on to *Lurn*, and preached at Nine in the main street, to a very attentive congregation. Thence I rode to *Glenarm*. The preaching began here in an uncommon manner. Some months since, *John Smith*, now with God, was pressed in spirit to go and preach there, though he knew no one in the town. Near it he overtook a young lady riding behind a servant; and on her saying, it was a very wicked place, he asked, "Are there no good men there?" She said, "Yes, there is one, *William Hunter*." He rode into the town, and enquired for *William Hunter's* house. When he came to the door, a young woman was sweeping the house. He asked her name, and being answered, "*Betty Hunter*," alighted, and said, "*Betty*, take my horse to an inn, and tell every one you meet, 'A gentleman at our house has good news to tell you, at Seven o'clock.' At Seven the house was well filled. *John* preached to them twice a day, for nine days. But when he took his leave, he had only three pence: however, he asked the landlady, 'What is to pay for my horse?' 'Nothing, Sir,' said the woman: 'A gentleman has paid all; and will do, if you stay a month.'

I preached near the market-house about Noon, to a large number of decent hearers; but to a much larger, in the market-house at *Ballinena*, in the Evening. Friday, 5. I rode to *Ballinderry*, and found an earnest, simple-hearted people. A great multitude here received the word, with all readiness
of

of mind. A specimen of the society consisting of about fifty members, I had in the house where I dined; wherein a father and mother, with a son and five daughters, were all walking in the light of God's countenance. Afterwards I prayed with an ancient woman, while a little girl, her grandchild, kneeling behind me, was all in tears, and said, "O grand-mama, have *you* no sins to cry for, as well as me."

Saturday, 6. After spending two hours very agreeably at *Mayra*, I rode on to *Drumbanabar*, and preached to a serious congregation. That at *Newry*, in the Evening, was much larger: at Nine in the Morning it was larger still; but nothing to that in the Evening. Yet I think, all heard, and most of them seemed much affected. Monday, 8. I cheerfully left *Newry*, and in the Evening preached at *Dublin*.

Having rested a day, on Wednesday 10. I went to *Carlow*, and preached in the session-house to a large, wild congregation. In the Morning, I once more composed the differences of the poor, shattered society. About Noon, I preached in the street at *Beltingles*; in the Evening, to a lovely congregation at *Donard*. Friday, 12. I returned to *Dublin*, well satisfied with my little excursion.

On Monday and Tuesday, I revised the classes. The number of members in the society, is shrunk from upwards of five hundred, to beneath four hundred, in two years. But, I trust, they will now increase, as the offences are removed, and brotherly love restored.

On Thursday and Friday, we had our little conference, a solemn and useful meeting. Sunday, 21. at the meeting of the society, many were comforted: and all seemed determined to set out anew, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Monday, 22. In the Evening, I embarked on board the *Nonpareil*, for *Parkgate*, with a small, fair wind, so that the sea was smooth as a looking-glass. Tuesday, 23. As we went slowly on, the gentlemen (of whom

whom we had many on board) desired me to give them a sermon. This I willingly did, and all were seriously attentive. We landed about Seven on Wednesday 24. and took chaise for *Liverpool*. Thursday, 25. I rode across the country to *Whitchurch*, and spent an agreeable Evening with that lovely family. Friday, 26. I went on to *Shrewsbury*, where Mr. *Fletcher* met me. Sunday, 28. I preached at *Madely*, Morning and Afternoon. The church could not near contain the congregation: but the window near the pulpit being open, those without could hear as well as those within. Monday, 29. I went on to *Worcester*. Our brethren had chosen a place for me, in a broad street, not far from the cathedral; where there was room for thousands of people. And we soon had company enough; part serious, part like the wild ass's colt. But in a while, the serious part prevailed, and silenced or drove away the rabble, till we had a tolerable degree of quietness, and concluded in peace.

Thursday, August 1. I rode to *Cheltenham*, and preached near the market-place to a large and quiet congregation. Friday, 2. I went on to *Kingswood*. Sunday, 4. We had above six hundred and fifty communicants at *Bristol*. In the Afternoon, I preached in St. *James's* barton, to an huge multitude: and all were still as night.

Tuesday, 6. We had more preachers than usual at the conference, in consequence of Mr. *Shirley's* circular letter. At Ten on Thursday Morning he came, with nine or ten of his friends. We conversed freely for about two hours. And I believe, they were satisfied, that we were not so "dreadful heretics," as they imagined, but were tolerably sound in the faith.

Monday, 12. I set out for *Wales*, and after preaching at *Chepstow* and *Brecknock*, on Wednesday 14. came to the *Hay*. Here I met with Dr. *Maclain's* translation of *Mosheim's* Ecclesiastical History. Certainly, he is a very sensible translator of a very

a very sensible writer. But I dare not affirm, that either one or the other was acquainted with inward religion. The translator mentions, without any blame, Mr. *Shinstra's* letter *against fanaticism*; which, if the reasoning were just, would fix the charge of *fanaticism* on our Lord himself, and all his apostles. In truth, I cannot but fear, Mr. *Shinstra* is in the same class with Dr. *Conyers Middleton*; and aims every blow, though he seems to look another way, at the *fanatics* who wrote the bible.

The very thing, which Mr. *Shinstra* calls *fanaticism*, is no other than heart religion; in other words, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These must be *felt*, or they have no being. All therefore, who condemn *inward feelings* in the gross, leave no place either for joy, peace, or love in religion, and, consequently, reduce it to a dry, dead carcase.

In the Evening, I preached in the new, neat preaching-house; to many more than it would contain. The next Evening, I was constrained to preach abroad. Friday, 16. I returned to *Brecknock*; and after spending two comfortable days there, on Monday 19. rode to *Carmarthen*. The rain obliged me to preach within. Tuesday, 20. I rode to *Haverford West*; and, in the Evening, preached in St. *Martin's* church-yard, to a numerous, and deeply attentive congregation. The next Evening, I strongly applied the story of Dives and Lazarus: and many were *almost persuaded* to be Christians.

I rode on Thursday 22. to *Dala*, a little village at the mouth of *Milford haven*. It seemed to me, that our preachers had bestowed here much pains to little purpose. The people, one and all, seemed as dead as stones, perfectly quiet, and perfectly unconcerned. I told them just what I thought. It went as a sword to their hearts. They *felt* the truth, and wept bitterly. I know not, where we have found more of the presence of God. Shall we at last have fruit here also?

Frida ,

Friday, 23. I preached at Noon, to a lovely congregation of plain, artless people, at *Houghton*; and in the town-hall at *Pembroke*, in the Evening, to many rich and elegant hearers. Sunday, 25. At Ten, I began the service at St. *Daniel's*. The church, as usual, would ill contain the congregation. In the Afternoon, I preached in *Monk-town* church (one of the three belonging to *Pembroke*), a large, old, ruinous building. I suppose, it has scarce had such a congregation in it, during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people. So I spake on the first elements of the gospel. But I was still out of their depth. O how hard it is, to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!

Monday, 26. I rode to *Lanelly*, and at Six read prayers, and preached in another large church, almost as ruinous as that at *Pembroke*. The congregation was numerous; yet most of them seemed to understand what they heard. Tuesday, 27. We crept through a right *Welsh* road, and reached *Oxwich* between Twelve and One. The congregation had waited for some time: so I began without delay. The road to *Swansey* was a little better: so I reached the town in time; and at Six preached in the yard, as our room would contain hardly a third of the people. Wednesday, 18. I called at *Nrath* on one of our friends; but, before I could sit down, was informed, a congregation was waiting for me. This I had no thought of; however I gave them a short sermon, and hastened on to *Cey* church, near *Bridge-end*. I preached as deliberately as possible, as great part of the audience were *Welsh*. And I believe, by this means all of them could understand at least the substance of the discourse. About Six, I preached in the town-hall at *Cowbridge*, to high and low, rich and poor: and the two next Evenings, in the court-house at *Cardiff*, to a still larger congregation. Afterwards we had a comfortable love-feast, which brought to our mind former days, when we praised God with *Ann Jenkins*, *Arthur Price*,
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Price, and *Thomas Glascati*, before *Thomas Proffer* sowed the deadly tares among them.

Saturday, 31. I returned to *Bristol*, and in part of the following week visited some of the neighbouring societies. Friday, September 6. I spent an hour among our children at *Kingswood*. It is strange! How long shall we be constrained to weave *Penelope's* web? What is become of the wonderful work of grace, which God wrought in them last September? It is gone! It is lost! It is vanished away! There is scarce any trace of it remaining! Then we must begin again; and in due time, we shall reap, if we faint not.

Monday, 9. I read over Dr. *Cadogan's* ingenious treatise on *Chronical Distempers*. It is certainly true, that "very few of them are properly hereditary;" that most of them spring either from indolence, or intemperance, or irregular passions. But why should he condemn *WINE* *to the genre*? which is one of the noblest cordials in nature. Yet stranger, why should he condemn *Bread*? Great whims belong to great men.

Tuesday, 10. I preached at *Bath*: Wednesday, 11. at *Frome*: Thursday, 12. at *Kainham*. Here too the seed, which seemed lost for so many years, at length begins to spring up. After seeing so many instances of this kind, how can we despair of any people? Saturday, 14. I preached abroad at *Bedminster*. Many horsemen stopped, and had strange things brought to their ears. Perhaps some of whom, we may hear by and by, were found of Him they sought not.

Sunday, 15. At Eight, I preached on the key; at Five, in *St. James's Barton*. Many strangers stopped at both places. Surely this is *casting our bread upon the waters*! This week I visited the rest of the neighbouring societies, and found them increasing both in grace and number. Thursday, 26. I preached once more at *Bath*, to an elegant congregation, on *Knowledge puffeth up*. But, I trust, many of them

them can witness, that *love edifice*, builds us up both in holiness and happiness.

Monday, 30. I took leave of *Bristol* for the present, and, having preached at *Pensford* and *Shepton-mallet*, in the way came to *Shaftsbury*, and preached to a numerous congregation, but wonderfully unconcerned. I scarce know a town in *England*, where so much preaching has been, to so very little purpose.

Tuesday, October 1. I went on to *Salisbury*.

Wednesday, 3. I preached at *Whitchurch*: Thursday, 4. at *Winchester*. I now found time, to take a view of the cathedral. Here the sight of that bad cardinal's tomb, whom the sculptor has placed in a posture of prayer, brought to my mind those fine lines of *Shakespeare*, which he puts into the mouth of King *Henry the Sixth*;

“ Lord cardinal,

If thou hast any hope of heaven's grace,

Give us a sign. He dies, and makes no sign!

On Thursday and Friday Evening, I preached at *Portsmouth-common*. Saturday, 5. I set out at Two. About Ten, some of our *London* friends met me at *Cobham*, with whom I took a walk in the neighbouring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, thro' the variety of hills and dales; and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now, after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner advertises it to be sold! Is there any thing under the sun, that can satisfy a Spirit made for God!

On Monday and Tuesday, I preached at *Whittlebury*, *Towcester*, and *Weeden*: on Wednesday, at *Killingbury*, *Harleston*, and *Northampton*. Thursday, 10. I preached at *Holmby-house*, where poor King *Charles* was formerly lodged. It has been a noble pile of building, finely situated on an hill. But little is left, except the kitchens, which, however, give a strong idea of it's ancient grandeur. Friday, 11. In the Evening, I preached at *Bedford*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday, 14. In my way to *Wallingford*, I read Dr. *Hodge's Elibu*. It contains abundance of fine remarks, worthy of a scholar, and of a christian. But none of them prove his main proposition, That *Elibu* was the second Person in the blessed Trinity. —I preached at *Wallingford* in the Evening, and at Five in the Morning. Many were moved : But who will endure to the end ?

Tuesday, 15. I went on to *Witney*. I am surprized at the plainness and artlessness of this people. Who would imagine, that they lived within ten, yea, or fifty miles of *Oxford* ? Wednesday, 16. I preached at *South-lye*. Here it was, that I preached my first sermon, six and forty years ago. One man was in my present audience, who heard it. Most of the rest are gone to their long home. After preaching at *Witney* in the Evening, I met the believers apart, and was greatly refreshed among them. So simple a people I scarce ever saw. They did “ open the window in their breast.” And it was easy to discern, that God was there, filling them with joy and peace in believing.

Thursday, 17. About ten I preached at *Oxford*, in a room well filled with deeply attentive hearers, on part of the sermon on the mount, the noblest compendium of Religion, which is to be found even in the oracles of God. In the Evening I preached at *Higb Wycombe*, the next at *Chesham*, where our own room being too small, that friendly man Mr. *Spooner*, willingly gave me the use of his *Meeting house*. I found the little Society much alive ; many knowing in whom they had believed ; several enjoying, and others thirsting after the whole image of God. On Saturday I had a pleasant journey to *London*.

Monday, 21. As I drove to *Chatham*, I read Mr. *Hoole's* fine translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered* : allowed, I suppose, by most judges of Poetry, to be not much inferior to the *Æneid*. But I wonder Mr. *Hoole* was so imprudently faithful, as to present

Protestants

Protestants with all *Tasso's* Popish Fooleries. Those excrescences might have been pared off, without the least injury to the work. In the Evening I preached to a crowded audience, ripe for all the promises of God. How good is it for *fallen* man, to earn his food by the sweat of his brow. Every where we find the labouring part of mankind the readiest to receive the Gospel.

Tuesday, 22. I went down to *Sheerness*, and preached in the New Room. But it would not near contain the congregation: I believe all that could hear found that God was there. Both Morning and Evening I warned them against being sick of opinions and strife of words; which has been the main hindrance of the work of God here from the beginning.

Thursday, 24. I returned to *Chatham*, and on Friday to *London*. Saturday, 26. Mr. N— gave me a melancholy account of his dismissal from the *Tabernacle*. Surely affairs will not stand thus at the *Foundery*, when my head is laid! If I thought they would, I would do just as I do now: all the good I can, while I live.

Monday, 28. I rode to *Staplehurst*, to Mr. Cb—'s, a pattern of love and patience. One eye is quite lost by his late illness. His reflection upon it was, "I bless God, that I had one eye to give him: and if he calls for it, I am ready to give him the other." I preached at Six to a willing people, simply desiring to save their souls: and the next Evening at *Rye*, to a far more numerous, but not more earnest congregation. Wednesday, 30. I walked over to *Winchester*, said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceeding bold, the hill being high and steep on all sides. But the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half an one. I preached at Eleven in the New Square, to a considerable number of serious people; and at

Rye in the Evening, where were many that are *not far from the kingdom of God*. Thursday, 31. I preached at *Robertbridge*. As yet the whole town is willing to hear. And we may hope, after the stony and the thorny ground hearers are deducted, some will *bring forth fruit with patience*.

Saturday, November 2. I returned to *London*. Monday, 4. I went in the stage coach to *Colchester*, in which I met with two agreeable companions, whose hearts were quite open to instruction. Tuesday, 5. In our way to *Bury*, we called at *Felsham*, near which is the seat of the late Mr. *Reynolds*. The House is, I think, the best contrived and the most beautiful I ever saw. It has four fronts, and five rooms on a floor, elegantly, though not sumptuously, furnished. At a small distance, stands a delightful grove. On every side of this, the poor, rich man, who had no hope beyond the grave, placed seats, to enjoy life as long as he could. But being resolved, none of his family should be *put into the ground*, he built a structure in the midst of the grove, vaulted above and beneath, with niches for coffins, strong enough to stand for ages. In one of these, he had soon the satisfaction of laying the remains of his only child; and, two years after, those of his wife. After two years more, in the year 1759, having eat, and drank, and forgotten God, for eighty-four years, he went himself to give an account of his stewardship.

In the Evening, I preached at *Bury*; and on Wednesday 6. rode on through heavy rain to *Lynn*. The people *received the word with joy*; though few, as yet, had any *root in themselves*. Thursday, 7. I was desired by the prisoners, to give them a word of exhortation. They received it with the utmost eagerness. Who knows, but one or two may retain it? In the Evening, those, who could not get in, were noisy at first; but in a while they went quietly away.

Here

Here I received a particular account of a poor, desolate one, *Betty Fairbridge*, formerly *Hewerdine*, of *Whitby*. For some time after she came to *Lynn*, she was cold and weary, quite choaked with the cares of this world. But this time twelve month, when she saw me, tho' she was in a deep consumption, her spirit revived. She began again earnestly to seek God: and he healed her backsliding. But her bodily weakness increased. So much the more did her faith and love increase, till prayer was swallowed up in praise, and she went away with triumphant joy.

Lynn seems to be considerably larger than *Tarmouth*: I believe it stands on double the ground. And the houses in general are better built: some of them are little palaces. The market-place is a spacious and noble square, more beautiful than either that at *Tarmouth* or *Norwich*. And the people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county: and they add to it good-nature and courtesy.

Saturday, 9. I rode to *Norwich*. Sunday, 10. Our house was far too small in the Evening. I suppose many hundreds went away. To as many as could hear, I described the *strait gate*: I believe, God applied it to their hearts.

Every day I found more and more reason to hope, that we shall at length reap the fruit of that labour, which we have bestowed on this people for so many years; as it seemed almost in vain. In this hope I left them on Thursday, 14, and preached at *Lakenbeath* in the Evening, with an uncommon blessing. Among them that attended at five in the morning, was poor *A—R—*, the man who first invited me to this town, but has for a long time forgotten every thing of the kind, seldom deigning even to hear the preaching. However he felt it to day, being in tears all the time that I was enforcing our Lord's words, *He who setteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.*

I came

came to Mr. *Smitheman's* at *Braintree*, just as he had buried his daughter. So on this occasion we had, (what I never saw before) the house filled from end to end: I preached on, *The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.*

Sunday, 17. I preached both Morning and Afternoon on the education of children. But O! How few had ears to hear! Perhaps not ten mothers in the whole congregation.

Friday, 22. I went over to *Barnet*, and paid my last debt to that excellent man Mr. *John Shewell*, by preaching his funeral sermon, from, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* All the time that I knew him he was a pattern of seriousness, piety, patience and beneficence.

Thursday, 28. I went to *Staines*, where an house is just fitted up for preaching. But it would not contain one half of the people who flocked together from every side. Those that could not get in were noisy enough: those that could, were still as night.

Friday, 29. We viewed the improvements of that active and useful man, the late duke of *Cumberland*: the most remarkable work is, the triangular tower which he built on the edge of *Windsor park*. It is surrounded with shrubberies and woods, having some streight, some serpentine walks in them, and commands a beautiful prospect all three ways; a very extensive one to the south west. In the lower part is an alcove, which must be extremely pleasant in a summer Evening. There is a little circular projection at each corner, one of which is filled by a geometrical staircase; the other two contain little apartments, one of which is a study. I was agreeably surprized, to find many of the books not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here, with only Him that seeth in secret. And who can say, how deep that change went, which was so discernible in the latter part of his life?

Hence

Hence we went to Mr. *Bateman's* house, the oddest I every saw with my eyes. Every thing breathes antiquity; scarce a bedstead is to be seen, that is not an hundred and fifty years old. And every thing is quite out of the common way: he scorns to have any thing like his neighbours. For six hours I suppose these elegant oddities would much delight a curious man. But after six months they would probably give him no more pleasure than a collection of feathers.

Monday, December 2. I went down with several of our friends to *Gravesend*, where a building designed for an assembly-room was employed for a better purpose. It was quite crowded; yet abundance could not get in. After reading prayers, I preached on part of the second lesson, *Heb. viii. 9, 10, 11.* The room was pretty well filled at Five in the morning. Fair blossoms! But what fruit will there be?

Tuesday, 3. I preached at *Canterbury*. Wednesday, 4. I rode to *Ashford*, one of the pleasantest towns in *Kent*. The preaching-house, newly fitted up, was well filled with attentive hearers. Hence we hastened to *Dover*, where the house was quickly filled with serious, well-behaved people. Here I found *L. H—'s* preachers had gleaned up most of those whom we had discarded. They call them, "My lady's society," and have my free leave, to do them all the good they can.

Thursday, 5. I preached at *Sandwich* about Eleven, and at *Canterbury* in the Evening. Friday, 6. Having preached to a small, but much affected company at *Sittenburn*, I went on to *Chatbam*. The huge congregation here devoured the word: yet I hope they digested it too. We were strangely kept from this place for many years; at length there is an open door.

Saturday, 7. In my way home, I finished the first volume of Mr. *Hook's Roman History*. On this I remark, 1. That it is immeasurably too long, containing a thousand passages not worth relating; 2. That

That he relates abundance of contradictory accounts, often without telling us, which is best: 3. That he recites at large the senseless tales of *Clelia* swimming in the *Tyber*, *Matius Sacerdola*, and twenty more; and afterwards knocks them all on the head. What need then of reciting them? We want history, not romance, tho' compiled by *Levy* himself. Yet 4. I admire him for doing justice to many great men, who have been generally misrepresented: *Manlius Capitolinus*, in particular, as well as the two *Gracchi*. So that upon the whole, this is far the best history of *Rome* that I have seen.

I read to day a circumstantial account of the late inundations in the north of *England*, occasioned by the sudden and violent overflowing of three rivers, the *Tees*, the *Were*, and the *Tyne*. All these have their rise within a few miles of each other, in a mountain at the head of *Teesdale* and *Weredale*; on which there was nothing more than a little mizling rain, till the very hour when the rivers rose, and poured down such an amazing quantity of water, as utterly astonished the people of *Sunderland*, at the mouth of the *Wear*, overflowed all the lower part of *Newcastle upon the Tyne*, and filled the main street of *Yarm*, upon the *Tees*, with water nine or ten feet deep. Such an overflowing of these rivers none ever saw before, nor have we an account of any such in history.

Rain was not the cause of this: for there was next to none, at the head of these rivers. What was the cause we may learn from a letter wrote at this time, by a clergyman in *Carlisle*. "Nothing is so surprizing as what lately happened at *Sohway-Moss*, about ten miles north from *Carlisle*. About four hundred acres of this moss, arose to such a height above the adjacent level, that at last it rolled forward like a torrent, and continued its course above a mile, sweeping along with it houses and trees, and every other thing in its way. It divided itself into islands of different extent, from one to ten feet in thickness.

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It is remarkable, that no river, or brook runs either thro', or near the moss."

To what cause then can any thinking man impute this, but to an earthquake? And the same doubtless it was, which about the same time, wrought in the bowels of that great mountain, whence those rivers rise, and discharged from thence, that astonishing quantity of water.

Sunday, 8. I read a little more of that strange book Baron *Swedenburg's Theologia Caelestis*. It surely contains many excellent things. Yet I can't but think, the fever he had twenty years ago, when he supposes, he was "introduced into the society of angels," really introduced him into the society of lunatics. But still there is something noble, even in his ravings:

"His mind has not yet lost

"All its original brightness, but appears

"Majestic, tho' in ruin."

Monday, 16. I rode to *Darking*, where were many people; but none were cut to the heart. Tuesday, 17. I went on to *Rye-gate-place*. In King *Henry the Fourth's* time, this was an eminent monastery. At the dissolution of monasteries, it fell into the hands of the great spoiler, *Henry the Eighth*. Queen *Elizabeth*, pleased with the situation, chose it for one of her palaces. The gentleman, who possesses it now, has entirely changed the form of it; pulling down whole piles of ancient building, and greatly altering what remains. Yet, after all that is taken away, it still looks more like a palace than a private house. The stair-case is of the same model with that at *Hampton-Court*: One would scarce know, which is the original. The chimney-piece in the hall is probably one of the most curious pieces of wood work now in the kingdom. But how long? How many of its once bustling inhabitants are already under the earth! And how little a time will it be, before the house itself, yea, the earth shall be burnt up!

I preached

I preached in the evening to a small company, on *It is appointed unto men once to die.* All seemed moved for the present. They saw, that life is a dream. But how soon will they sleep again? Wednesday, 18, I preached to another kind of congregation at *Shoreham.* Here we are not plowing upon the sand. Many have received the seed upon good ground, and do bring forth fruit with patience.

Saturday, 21. I met an old friend, *James Hutton*, whom I had not seen for five and twenty years. I felt, this made no difference; my heart was quite open: his seemed to be the same. And we conversed just as we did in 1738, when we met in *Petter-lane.*

Monday, 23, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at *Oxford.* Wednesday, 25. I preached early at the Foundery: Morning and Afternoon at the Chapel. In returning thence at Night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man, nor beast received the least hurt.

Monday, 30. At my brother's request, I sat again for my picture. This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,

“Behold what frailty we in man may see!
“His shadow is less given to change than he!”

Wednesday, January the first, 1772, we met, as usual in the Evening, in order solemnly and explicitly to renew our covenant with God. Sunday, 5. I buried the remains of *Elizabeth Hartland*, an Israelite indeed! I know not that in thirty years, she has ever dishonoured her profession, either by word or deed. Some of her last words were, *I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course: I have kept the faith.*

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 14. I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S—, the oldest acquaintance I now have. He is the greatest genius in little things, that ever fell under my notice. Almost every thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part. Even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best mouse-trap that ever was in the world!

Thursday, 16. I set out for *Luton*. The snow lay so deep on the road, that it was not without much difficulty and some danger, we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church; The frost was exceeding sharp; and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, tho' I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present, as would have been at the room: And about an hundred in the Morning. So I did not repent of my journey thro' the snow.

Friday, 17. The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a by-road to *Hertford*. I found the poor children whom Mr. A. kept at school, was increased to about thirty boys, and thirty girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak, some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher. But it was kept within bounds till I began to pray. A cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted;

But how was the scene changed, when I went to the boys? They seemed as dead as stones, and scarce appeared to mind any thing that was said: nay some of them could hardly refrain from laughter. However I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord. Presently one was cut to the heart; soon after, another and another. And in ten minutes, the far greater part of them were little less

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affected

affected than the girls had been. Except at *Kingswood*, I have seen no such work of God upon children for above thirty years. I spoke exceeding plain in the evening, on *the narrow way that leadeth to life*. But the men were widely different from the children: They were affected just as much as so many horses.

Saturday, February, 1. I found an increase of the work of God even in *Southwark*. Those who so furiously opposed us some years ago, as though they would have swallowed us up quick, are now crumbled into nothing. Only the old chapel subsists, as a dull, useless dissenting meeting-house.

Friday, 7. I called on a friend at *Hampton-Court*, who went with me thro' the house. It struck me more than any thing of the kind I have seen in *England*, more than *Blenheim* house itself. One great difference is, every thing *there* appears *designedly* grand and splendid. *Here* every thing is quite, as it were, natural, and one thinks it cannot be otherwise. If the expression may be allowed, there is a kind of stiffness runs thro' the one, and an easiness through the other. Of pictures I do not pretend to be a judge. But there is one by *Paul Rubens*, which particularly struck me, both with the design and the execution of it. It is *Zeebariah* and *Elizabeth*, with *John the Baptist*, two or three years old, coming to visit *Mary* and our Lord sitting upon her knee. The passions are surprizingly expressed, even in the children. But I could not see either the decency or common sense, of painting them stark naked. Nothing can defend or excuse this: It is shockingly absurd, even an Indian being the judge. I allow, a man who paints thus, may have a good hand, but certainly *cerebrum non habet*!

Sunday, 9. I buried the remains of *Heller Tanner*. About thirty years he has adorned the gospel: Diligent, patient, loving to every man, and zealous of good works.

Monday, 10. In going to *Darking*, I read Mr. *Jones's* ingenious tract, "upon clean and unclean beasts."

beasts." He really seems to prove his point, to make it reasonably plain, that there is a deeper design in that part of the Levitical law, than is commonly understood : That God had a view throughout to the moral, rather than natural qualities of the creatures which he pronounced unclean ; and intended it as a standing warning to his people, against the fierceness, greediness, and other ill properties, which so eminently belonged to those beasts or birds that they were forbidden to eat or touch.

Tuesday, 11. I casually took a volume of what is called " *A sentimental journey thro' France and Italy.*" *Sentimental!* What is that? It is not *English*: He might as well say, *Continental*. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea : Yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one! However the book agrees full well with the title: for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose the writer is without a rival!

Wednesday, 12. In returning, I read a very different book, published by an honest quaker, on that execrable sum of all villanies, commonly called the *Slave-trade*. I read of nothing like it in the heathen world, whether antient or modern. And it infinitely exceeds, in every instance of barbarity, whatever christian-slaves suffer in *Mahometan* countries.

Friday, 14. I began to execute a design, which had long been in my thoughts, to print as accurate an edition of my works, as a bookseller would do. Surely I ought to be as exact for God's sake, as he would be for money!

Monday, 17. One gave me a very remarkable relation. A gay, young woman lately came up to *London*. Curiosity led her to hear a sermon, which cut her to the heart. One standing by observed how she was affected, and took occasion to talk with her. She lamented, that she should hear no more such sermons, as she was to go into the country the

next day ; but begged her new acquaintance to write to her there, which she promised to do. In the country her convictions so increased, that she resolved to put an end to her own life. With this design she was going up stairs, when her father called her, and gave her a letter from *London*. It was from her new acquaintance, who told her, " Christ is just ready to receive you : now is the day of salvation." She cried out, " It is, it is ! Christ is mine !" and was filled with joy unspeakable. She begged her father to give her pen, ink, and paper, that she might answer her friend immediately. She told her what God had done for her soul, and added, " We have no time to lose ! The Lord is at hand ! Now, even now, we are stepping into eternity." She directed her letter, dropped down, and died.

Friday, 21. I met several of my friends, who had begun a subscription to prevent my riding on horseback ; which I cannot do quite so well, since an hurt which I got some months ago. If they continue it, well ; If not, I shall have strength, according to my need.

Tuesday, 25. I had an interview with *T. M—*, who seemed much to desire a re-union. But he only *seemed* : for when we explained upon the head, I found he meant just nothing.

Wednesday, 26. I took my leave of that amiable woman, *Mrs. B—*. I doubt whether we shall meet again upon earth : But it is enough, if we meet in Abraham's bosom.

Friday, 28. I opened the new Preaching-house in *Poplar* : One might say, *consecrated* it. For the *English* law (notwithstanding the vulgar error) does not *require*, nay does not *allow*, any other consecration of churches, than by performing public service therein.

Sunday, March, 1. After the Evening service, I went to *Brentford*. Monday, 2. I preached at *Newbury* : Tuesday, 3. About Noon, at the *Devizes*. The furious prejudice which long reigned in this town

town is now vanished away; the persecutors, almost to a man, being gone to their account. In the evening I preached at *Bristol*, and after having spent a few comfortable days there, on Monday, 9. set out for the North. In the Evening I preached at *Stroud*. Here I had much conversation with one that fifteen months ago, was clearly saved from sin: And immediately Satan was permitted to *sift* her *as wheat*. From that moment she was buffeted day and night, so that through the agony of her mind, sleep wholly departed from her eyes, and it was supposed she must soon lose her senses. But in the height of her distress, God spoke, and there was a great calm. All was peace and love, and from that time she has been unspeakably happy.

Wednesday, 11. About Noon I preached at *Tewksbury*, a funeral sermon, for one who had been a pattern of all holiness, till she was snatched away in the bloom of youth! In the evening I preached in the new chapel at *Worcester*. It was thoroughly filled. For a time the work of God was hindered here by a riotous mob. But the Mayor cut them short: and ever since we have been in perfect peace.

Saturday, 14. I left *Worcester*. The frost was exceeding sharp, as it was last year just at this time. I preached in *Bengeworth*, near *Evesham* at Eleven, and then took horse for *Broadmarston*. The North East wind, uncommonly sharp, was exactly in our face. But what is the pleasure or pain of this life? A moment, and it is gone!

Sunday, 15. At Six in the Morning, and Five in the Evening, I preached in our own chapel; at Eleven, in *Quinton* church; and between Two and Three at *Honeybourn*. Monday, 16. As much snow had fallen in the night, it was with difficulty we reached *Alcester*, where I took chaise for *Birmingham*. Here our brethren *walk in the fear of God, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost*. And God has, at length, made even *the beasts of the people* to be at peace with

them. All were quiet in the Evening. And at Five in the Morning, although so much snow had fallen, that it lay mid-leg deep in all the streets, yet the house was nearly filled.

Tuesday, 17. Partly in a chaise, partly on horse-back, I made a shift to get to *Bilbrook*, and after preaching to *Wolverhampton*. Thursday, 19. I preached at *Burton upon Trent*, at *Abby de la Zouch* in the Afternoon, and in the Evening to a lovely congregation, in the new house at *Loughborough*. Here is a fair prospect: the last society in the circuit, is likely to be one of the first. They increase continually, and are athirst to be not almost, but altogether christians.

Friday, 20. I rode to *Markfield*, through violent rain. The church, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was pretty well filled, not with curious hearers, but with earnest people, who sought only to save their souls. Some such we found at *Liceester* also, in the Evening, together with many who had little thought about it: to whom, therefore, I spoke in a quite different manner, exhorting them to *awake out of sleep*. I believe, God applied his word; for the house, large as it is, was nearly filled at Five in the morning. And all seemed willing to receive that important truth, *Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord*.

Saturday, 21. About Noon, I preached at *Hoton*; in the Evening, at *Nottingham*. Sunday, 22. While we were crossing *Sawley-ferry*, it rained in good earnest. But it was quite fair, all the time I was preaching at *Donnington*. In the Evening, I preached at *Derby*. Both the room and the yard were crowded enough, and yet abundance went away. After preaching, the people hung at the doors, and could not be persuaded to go away. So at length I suffered them to come in with the society, and strongly exhorted them, to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Monday,

Monday, 23. A huge congregation was present, at Five, to whom I spoke with all possible plainness. About Nine, I reached *Asbourn in the Peak*: but the house would not hold a quarter of the people. So I stood in the market-place, and cried aloud, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found*. One or two walked to and fro, quite unconcerned. But none offered the least rudeness: and the bulk of the congregation drank in every word. While I was dining at *Leake*, some gentlemen of the town sent, to desire I would give them a sermon. As it seemed to be a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse. A large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. We had a solemn congregation at *Macclesfield* in the Evening, to whom I preached longer than usual. But I felt no more weariness when I had done, than I did at Six in the Morning.

Wednesday, 25. We went on to *Congleton*, where all is now peace and love. None is now left to speak against the Methodists, except Mr. *Sambach*, the curate. He earnestly labours to drive them from the church; but they will not leave it yet. They both love her liturgy, and her doctrine, and know not where to find better.

Friday, 27. I preached at *Nantwich* about Noon, and then dragged through a miserable road, till within two or three miles of *Whitchurch* the chaise stuck fast, and all our strength could not get it a yard farther. So I took horse and rode to the town. Saturday, 28. I rode on to *Chester*.

Sunday, 29. There were about forty persons in St. John's church, at the Morning service. Our room was pretty well filled in the Morning, and crowded in the Evening. Monday, 30. At One, I preached in *Warrington*. I believe, all the young gentlemen of the academy were there: to whom I stated and proved the use of reason, from those words of St. Paul, *In wickedness be ye children: but in understanding be ye men*.

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I had very large and very serious congregations at *Liverpool*, Morning and Evening, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Friday, April 3. I set out for *Wigan*. But before we came to *Ashton*, I was glad to use my own feet, and leave the poor horses to drag the chaise, as they could. I preached at *Wigan* about Twelve, and in the Evening at *Bolton*. How wonderfully has God wrought in this place! *John Bennet*, some years ago, reduced this society from seven-score to twelve. And they are now risen to an hundred and seventy.

Sunday, 5. I preached at Eight, to as many as the house would contain. But at Noon I was obliged to stand in the street, and explain the *one thing needful*. I preached at *Manchester* in the Evening. But the house was far too small: crouds were obliged to go away. The speculative knowledge of the truth has ascended here, from the least to the greatest. But how far short is this of *experimental* knowledge! Yet it is a step toward it, not to be despised.

Monday, 6. In the Afternoon, I drank tea at *Am. O.* But how was I shocked! The children, that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding-school! There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness: and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God! Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding-school!

Tuesday, 7. I went to *New Mills*. Notwithstanding all the rain, the house was well filled; for nothing can hinder this lively, earnest people. Wednesday, 8. I returned to *Manchester*, and in the Evening fully delivered my own soul. Thursday, 9. Mr. *Bruce* offering to accompany me into *Scotland*, I took him and Mr. *E.* too. And it was well I did. For Mr. *E.*'s horse quickly fell, and so disabled himself, that I was obliged to leave him behind. God grant, that he may not be left behind for ever!

Friday,

Friday, 21. Having sent my chaise before, I rode to *Ambleside*. Thence, on Saturday, we went on comfortably in hired chaises to *Whitehaven*.

Sunday, 22. At Eight we had our usual congregation of plain, earnest people. But at Five, (who would imagine it?) we had well nigh all the gentry of the town. And the power of the Lord was present to beat them: so that few, I believe, were unaffected. The same power was present at the meeting of the children. I never, in all my life, was so affected with any part of *Solomon's Song*, as while one of the girls was repeating it!

Monday, 23. At Five in the Evening we had all the gentry again, with several clergymen. And again the Spirit applied the word; for the present even the rich seemed to be moved. As soon as I had delivered my message, I set out for *Cochermouth*.

Tuesday, 24. I set out for *Carlisle*. A great part of the road was miserably bad. However we reached it in the Afternoon, and found a small company of plain, loving people. The place where they had appointed me to preach was out of the gate; yet it was tolerably filled with attentive hearers. Afterwards enquiring for the *Glasgow*-road, I found it was not much round, to go by *Edinburgh*. So I chose that road, and went five miles forward this evening, to one of our friends houses. Here we had an hearty welcome *sub lae parvulo*, with sweets and quiet rest.

Wednesday, 25. Tho' it was a lone house, we had a large congregation at Five in the Morning. Afterwards we rode for upwards of twenty miles, thro' a most delightful country, the fruitful mountains rising on either hand, and the clear stream running beneath. In the Afternoon we had a furious storm of rain and snow: however we reached *Silbark* safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness, which was quite new to me. The maid came in and said, "Sir, the Lord of the stable waits to know if he should feed your horses." We call him *Officer* in

in *England*. After supper all the family seemed glad to join with us in prayer.

Thursday, 16. We went on thro' the mountains, covered with snow to *Edinburgh*. April, 17. Being Good-Friday, I went to the episcopal chapel, and was agreeably surprized: not only the prayers were read well, seriously, and distinctly, but the sermon, upon the sufferings of Christ, was sound and unexceptionable. Above all, the behavior of the whole congregation, rich and poor, was solemn and serious.

Saturday, 18. I set out for *Glasgow*. One would rather have imagined, it was the middle of January than the middle of April. The snow covered the mountains on either hand, and the frost was exceeding sharp. So I preached within, both this Evening and on Sunday Morning. But in the Evening the multitude constrained me to stand in the street. My text was, *What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common*. Hence I took occasion to fall upon their miserable bigotry for opinions and modes of worship. Many seemed to be not a little convinced. But how long will the impression continue?

Monday, 20. I went on to *Grenock*: a seaport town, twenty miles west of *Glasgow*. It is built very much like *Plymouth Dock*, and has a safe and spacious harbour. The trade and inhabitants, and consequently the houses are increasing swiftly. And so is cursing, swearing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness. Our room is about thrice as large as that at *Glasgow*: but it would not near contain the congregation. I spoke exceedingly plain, and not without hope, that we may see some fruit, even among this hard-hearted generation.

Tuesday, 21. The house was very full in the Morning. And they shewed an excellent spirit. For after I had spoke a few words on the head, every one stood up at the singing. In the Afternoon I preached at *Port Glasgow*, a large town, two miles east of *Grenock*. Many gay people were there,
careless

careless enough : but the greater part seemed to hear with understanding. In the Evening I preached at *Grenock* : and God gave them a loud call, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Wednesday, 22. About Eight, I preached once more in the *Masons Lodge* at *Port Glasgow*. The house was crouded greatly ; and I suppose all the gentry of the town were a part of the congregation. Resolving not to shoot over their heads, as I had done the day before, I spoke strongly of death and judgment, heaven and hell. This they seemed to comprehend. And there was no more laughing among them, or talking with each other, but all were quietly and deeply attentive.

In the Evening when I began at *Glasgow*, the congregation being but small, I chose a subject fit for experienced christians : but soon after, a heap of fine gay people came in. Yet I could not decently break off what I was about, tho' they gaped and stared abundantly. I could only give a short exhortation in the close, more suited to their capacity.

Thursday, 23. was the fast before the Lord's supper. It was kept as a Sunday ; no shops open or business done. Three ministers came to assist Mr. *Gillies*, with whom I had much conversation. They all seemed to be pious as well as sensible men. As it rained in the Evening, I preached in the grammar school, a large, commodious room. I know not that ever I spoke more plain, nor perhaps with more effect.

Friday, 24. We had a large congregation at Five, and many of the rich and gay among them. I was aware of them now, and they seemed to comprehend perfectly well, what it is, to be *ashamed of the gospel of Christ*. I sat out at Seven ; in the Evening I preached at *Edinburgh*, on *My son give me thy heart* ; and after preaching in the Morning, on Saturday, 25. set out for the North.

I reached *Perth* in the Evening, and sent to the Provost

Provost to desire the use of the *Guild Hall*: in which I preached Sunday, 26. in the Morning, and (it being very cold) in the Evening. Afterwards I accepted of the Provost's invitation, to lodge at his house; and spent an agreeable Evening with him and three ministers, concluded with solemn prayer.

Monday, 27. I spent three or four hours in conversation with Dr. *Oswald* and Mr. *Frazer*, two as pious and sensible ministers, as any I know in *Scotland*. From *Merburn* we went on to *Dunkeld*, once the capital of the *Caledonian* kingdom; now a small town, standing on the bank of the *Tay*, and at the foot of several rough, high mountains. The air was sharp, yet the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad: and I trust not in vain; for great was the power of God in the midst of them.

Tuesday, 28. We walked thro' the duke of *Albany's* gardens, in which was one thing I never saw before, a summer-house in the middle of a green-house, by means of which, one might in the depth of winter enjoy the warmth of May, and fit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side.

In the Evening I preached once more at *Perth*, to a large and serious congregation. Afterwards they did me an honour I never thought of, presented me with the freedom of the city. The diploma ran thus:

Magistra tuam illustris ordo & honorandus senatorem cæcis inclytæ civitatis Perthenfis, in debiti amoris & affectuum tesseram erga *Johannem W—y*, immunitatibus prefatæ civitatis, Societatis etiam & fraternitatis ædilitiæ privilegiis donarunt

Aprilis die 28^a anno Sal. 1772^o

I question whether any diploma from the city of *London* be more pompous, or expressed in better Latin.

In my way to *Perth* I read over the first volume of Dr. *Robertson's* history of *Charles V.* I knew not when I have been so disappointed. It might as well be called the history of *Alexander the Great.*

Here

Here is a Quarto volume, of eight or ten shillings price, containing dry, verbose dissertations on *Few-dal Government* ! The substance of all which, might be comprized in half a sheet of paper. But *Charles the V* ?—Where is *Charles the Fifth* ?

“ Leave off thy reflections, and give us thy tale ! ”

Wednesday, 29. I went on to *Breebin*, and preached in the *Town-hall* to a congregation of all sorts, Seceders, Glassites, Nonjurors, and what not ? O what excuse have ministers in *Scotland*, for not declaring the whole counsel of God, where the bulk of the people not only endure, but love plain dealing ?

Friday and Saturday I rested at *Aberdeen*. Sunday, May, 3. I went in the Morning to the *English* church. Here likewise I could not but admire the exemplary decency of the congregation. This was the more remarkable, because so miserable a reader, I never heard before. Listening with all attention, I understood but one single word, *Balak*, in the first lesson : and one more, *begat*, was all I could possibly distinguish in the second. Is there no man of spirit belonging to this congregation ? Why is such a burlesque upon public worship suffered ? Would it not be far better, to pay this gentleman for *doing nothing*, than for *doing mischief* ? For bringing a scandal upon religion ?

About Three I preached at the college kirk in the *Old town*, to a large congregation, rich and poor : at Six, in our own house, on *the narrow way*. I spoke exceeding plain, both this Evening and the next ; yet none were offended. What encouragement has every preacher in this country, by *manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God* ?

Tuesday, 5. I read over in my journey Dr. *Beattie's* ingenious “ *Enquiry after Truth*.” He is a writer quite equal to his subject, and far above the match of all the *minute philosophers*, *David Hume* in
F parti-

particular, the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue, that ever appeared in the world. And yet it seems, some complain of this Doctor's using him with too great severity! I cannot understand, how that can be, unless he treated him with rudeness, (which he does not) since he is an avowed enemy to God and man, and to all that is sacred and valuable upon earth.

In the Evening I preached in the New House at *Arbroth*, (properly *Aberbrothock*.) In this town there is a change indeed! It was wicked to a proverb: remarkable for sabbath-breaking, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and a general contempt of religion. But it is not so now. Open wickedness disappears; no oaths are heard, no drunkenness seen in the streets. And many have not only ceased from evil, and learned to do well, but are witnesses of the inward kingdom of God, *righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*.

Wednesday, 6. The magistrates here also did me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of their corporation. I value it as a token of their respect, tho' I shall hardly make any farther use of it.

Thursday, 7. I took *Thomas Cherry* away with me; but it was too late. He will hardly recover. Let all observe, (that no more preachers may murder themselves.) Here is another martyr to *Screaming*!

We had an huge congregation in the Evening at *Dundee*, it being the fast-day, before the sacrament. Never in my life did I speak more plain or close; let God apply it as it pleaseth him. Friday, 8. I laboured to reconcile those, who (according to the custom of the place) were vehemently contending about nothing. Saturday, 9. I went to *Edinburgh*.

Sunday, 10. I attended the church of *England* service in the Morning, and that of the kirk in the Afternoon. Truly *no man having drank old wine, straitway desireth new*. How dull and dry did the latter appear to me, who had been accustomed to the former,

former. In the Evening I endeavoured to reach the hearts of a large congregation, by applying part of the sermon on the mount. And I am persuaded God applied it with power to many consciences.

Monday, 11. I spoke severally to the members of the society, as closely as I could. Out of ninety (now united) I scarce found ten of the original society: so indefatigable have the good ministers been, to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts.

Thursday, 12. I preached at *Ormiston*, ten miles south of *Edinburgh*, to a large and deeply serious congregation. I dined at the minister's, a sensible man, who heartily bid us God speed. But he soon changed his mind: Lord *H—n* informed him, that he had received a letter from Lady *H—* assuring him, that we were "*dreadful heretics*, to whom no countenance should be given." 'Tis pity! should not the children of God leave the devil, to do his own work?

Wednesday, 13. I preached at *Leith*, in the most horrid, dreary room I have seen in the kingdom. But the next day I found another kind of room, airy, chearful and lightfom; which Mr. *Parker* undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay.

Sunday, 17. I had appointed to preach at Noon, in the *Lady's Walk* at *Leith*. But being offered the use of the episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our church.

Monday, 18. Dr. *Hamilton* brought with him Dr. *Monro* and Dr. *Gregory*. They satisfied me what my disorder was; and told me, there was but one method of cure. Perhaps but one *natural* one: but I think, God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body.

In the Evening, (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new house at *Leith*, to a lovely audience, on *Narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life.*

Many were present again at Five in the Morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain! Yet I cannot but hope, God will at length have a people even in this place.

Wednesday, 20. I took my leave of *Edinburgh* in the Morning, by strongly enforcing the apostle's exhortation, *Be careful for nothing, but in every thing make your requests known unto God, with thanksgiving.*

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost *Dixon's* in *Haddington*, in the way to *Dunbar*. But the provost too had received light from the "circular letter," and durst not receive those *heretics*. So we went round by the marquis of *Tweeddale's* seat, compleatly finished within and without. But he that took so much delight in it, is gone to his long home, and has left it to one, that has no taste or regard for it. So rolls the world away!

In the Evening, I preached at *Dunbar*. Thursday, 21. I went to the *Bass*, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of *Charles* the Second, was the prison of those venerable men, who suffered the loss of all things, for a good conscience. It is an high rock furrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong East wind made the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live. And when we came to the only landing place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible. The walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably intire. The garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it. And round the walls there are spots of grass, that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are *solan-geese*, a bird about the size of a *Muscovy-duck*, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which

which they do not fit upon at all; but keep it under one foot, (as we saw with our eyes) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! And how many thanksgivings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return, we walked over the ruins of *Tantallon* castle, once the seat of the great earls of *Douglas*. The front walls (it was four square) are still standing, and, by their vast height and huge thickness, give us a little idea of what it once was. Such is human greatness!

Friday, 22. We took a view of the famous *Roman* camp, lying on a mountain, two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay general *Lesley* with his army, while *Cromwell* was starving below. He had no way to escape: but the enthusiastic fury of the *Scots* delivered him. When they marched into the valley to swallow him up, he mowed them down like grass.

Saturday, 23. I went on to *Alnwick*, and preached in the town-hall. What a difference between an *English* and a *Scotch* congregation! These judge themselves rather than the preacher, and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

Monday, 25. I preached in *Morpeth* at Noon, and in the Evening at *Newcastle*. Wednesday, 27. I went on to *Sunderland*, and was surprized to find the society smaller than I left it. It is true, many are removed to other places, and many are removed to Abraham's bosom. But still there must be want of zeal in those that remain, or this loss would have been more than supplied, out of the multitude of serious people, who constantly attend the preaching.

Saturday, 30. I met a company of the most lively children, that I have seen for several years. One of them repeated her hymn with such propriety, that I did not observe one accent misplaced. Fair blossoms! And if they be duly attended, there may be good fruit!

Sunday, 31. At eight I preached near the market-place, to an immense congregation. That in *Gateshead Fell*, at Two, was still more numerous, but more attentive they could not be. About Five, I preached in the *castle-garth* at *Newcastle*, to the largest congregation of all but not the most serious; there being not a few casual or curious hearers among them.

Monday, June 1. I began a little tour through the *Dales*. About Nine, I preached at *Kip-bill*; at One, at *Walsingham*. Here we began to trace the revival of the work of God; and here began the horrid mountains, we had to climb over. However, before Six, we reached *Barnard-castle*. I preached at the end of the preaching-house, to a large congregation of established christians. At Five in the Morning, the house was near full of persons ripe for the height and depth of the gospel. Tuesday, 2. We rode to *New Oryan* in *Teesdale*. The people were deeply attentive; but, I think, not deeply affected. From the top of the next enormous mountain, we had a view of *Wardale*. It is a lovely prospect. The green gently-rising meadows and fields, on both sides of the little river, clear as crystal, were sprinkled over with innumerable little houses: three in four of which (if not nine in ten) are sprung up, since the Methodists came hither. Since that time, the beasts are turned into men, and the wilderness into a fruitful field.

It being very cold, I judged it best to preach in the house, though many of the people could not get in. Just as I began to pray, a man began to scream, and that so loud, that my voice was quite drowned. I desired, he would contain himself as far as he could: and he did so, tolerably well. I then applied the account of the woman of Canaan. The people devoured every word.

Wednesday, 3. I desired to speak with those, who believed, God had saved them from inward sin. I closely examined them, twenty in all, ten men, eight

eight women, and two children. Of one man, and one or two women, I stood in doubt. The experience of the rest was clear; particularly that of the children, *Margaret Spenser*, aged fourteen, and *Sally Blackburn*, a year younger. But what a contrast was there between them? *Sally Blackburn* was all calmness: her look, her speech, her whole carriage was as sedate, as if she had lived three-score years. On the contrary, *Peggy* was all fire: her eye sparkled; her very features spoke; her whole face was all alive; and she looked, as if she was just ready to take wing for heaven! Lord, let neither of these live to dishonour thee! Rather take them unspotted to thyself!

In the Evening, I preached on, *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.* And indeed God confirmed his word. There was a cry on every side, but not like that last night. This did not damp, but quicken the rest, especially that of the children; many of whom mourned for God, but none rejoiced with joy unspeakable. About twenty of them, steady and consistent, both in their testimony and behaviour, desired to join with their elder brethren, in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. A few were then also constrained to cry out: but the greater part enjoyed "the silent heaven of love."

Thursday, 5. At Five I took my leave of this blessed people. I was a little surprized, in looking attentively upon them, to observe so many beautiful faces as I never saw before in one congregation: Many of the children in particular, twelve or fourteen of whom (chiefly boys) sat full in my view. But I allow much more might be owing to grace than nature, to the heaven within, that shone outward.

Before I give a more particular account of this work of God, it may be well to look back to the very beginning of it. In this part of *Wardale* the people in general are employed in the lead-mines. In the year 1749, *Mr. Hopper* and *John Brown* came

came and preached among them. But it made no impression; none opposed, and none asked them to eat or drink. Mr. H. nevertheless made them several visits, in the ensuing spring and summer. Towards Autumn four found peace with God, and agreed to meet together. At Christmas two of the exhorters in *Allandale*, determined to visit *Wardale*. Before they entered it, they kneeled down on the snow, and earnestly besought the Lord, that he would incline some person who was worthy, to receive them into his house. At the first house where they called, they were bid welcome, and they stayed there four days. Their word was with power, so that many were convinced, and some converted to God. One of these exhorters was *Jacob Rowell*: They continued their visits at intervals, all winter. In the beginning of Summer, about twenty lively, steady people were joined together. From that time they gradually increased to thirty five, and continued about that number for ten years. There was then a remarkable revival among them, by means of *Samuel Meggot*; so that they increased to eighty; but four years since, they were reduced to sixty three. From that time they increased again, and were in August an hundred and twenty.

In two respects, this society has always been peculiarly remarkable; the one, they have been the most liberal in providing every thing needful for the preachers: The other, they have been particularly careful, with regard to marriage. They have in general married with each other; and that not for the sake of money, but virtue. Hence having been yoke-fellows in grace before, they more easily bear the yoke of marriage, and assist each other in training up their children: And God has eminently blessed them therein. For in most of their families, the greatest part of the children above ten years old, are converted to God. So that to several among them one may say, (as St. Paul to Timothy) *The faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, and thy mother, I am persuaded*

persuaded is in thee also. It was observable too, that their leaders were upright men, alive to God, and having an uncommon gift in prayer. This was increased by their continual exercise of it. The preachers were there but once a fortnight. But though they had neither preacher, nor exhorter, they met every night for singing and prayer.

Last Summer the work of God revived, and gradually increased till the end of November. Then God began to make bare his arm in an extraordinary manner. Those who were strangers to God, felt as it were a sword in their bones, constraining them to roar aloud. Those who knew God were filled with joy unspeakable, and were almost equally loud in praise and thanksgiving. The convictions that seized the unawakened, were generally exceeding deep. So that their cries drowned every other voice, and no other means could be used, than the speaking to the distressed, one by one, and encouraging them to lay hold on Christ. And this has not been in vain. Many that were either on their knees, or prostrate on the ground, have suddenly started up, and their very countenance shewed, that the Comforter was come. Immediately these began to go about from one to another of them that were still in distress, praising God, and exhorting them without delay to come to so gracious a Saviour: Many who to that hour appeared quite unconcerned, were thereby cut to the heart, and suddenly filled with such anguish of soul, as extorted loud and bitter cries. By such a succession of persons mourning and rejoicing, they have been frequently detained, so that they could not part till ten or eleven at night, nay, sometimes, not till Four in the Morning.

A farther account was drawn up by the leaders. "On Sunday Afternoon, December, 1. as *William Hunter* was preaching, the power of God fell on the congregation in a wonderful manner. Many being cut to the heart, cried aloud for mercy, and ten were added to the society. On Tuesday Evening we met again

again at Six; but could not part till Ten. In this time four found peace with God, and ran from one to another, exhorting them to believe in Christ. On Wednesday night many were deeply distressed, but none set at liberty. While we were meeting on Thursday, two were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. On Saturday night we met at Six, and three of us sung and prayed. But before the third had done, his voice could not be heard for the cries of the people. Seven of these soon arose, blessing and praising God, and went about encouraging others. Many hardened sinners were much affected thereby, and began to cry as loud as they had done; So that we had nothing to do, but to stand and see the wonderful work of God. And O! how dreadful, yet pleasing was the sight! All this time many were crying for mercy. Among these were four young men, who remained on their knees five hours together. We endeavoured to break up the meeting at Ten; but the people would not go: so that we were constrained to continue till Twelve: Near this time one was asked, "What he thought of this?" He answered, "I wish it be all *real*." He then turned to go home; but after taking a few steps, began to cry aloud for mercy. He cried till his strength was quite gone, and then lay as one dead till about Four o'clock in the Morning: then God revealed his Son in his heart. During this meeting, eleven persons found peace with God.

"On Sunday Morning we met at the common hour, and three of us sung and prayed as usual, till our voice was drowned by the thanksgivings of the new converts, and the cries of convicted sinners. Among the rest an ancient woman was so struck, that she vehemently cried out, "Mercy, mercy! O what a sinner am I! I was the first that received them into my house in *Wardale*, and have heard them almost these thirty years. O pray for me. Mercy, mercy!" It was not long before she found mercy, and mightily rejoiced in God her Saviour.

And

And about the same time another mourner passed from death unto life.

" We met again at Two, and abundance of people came from various parts, being alarmed by some confused reports. We sung and prayed; and the power of God descended. A young man who had been deeply wounded in the Morning, now found one mighty to heal. We then concluded: but many of the people came in again, and others stayed at the door. Among those who came in, was one who had been remarkably profligate. He cried for mercy with all his might: several crowded about to see him. And before we parted, not only he, but five more were rejoicing and praising God together. We met again on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and by that time nine more found peace.

" Mr. *Rowell* came on Thursday, stayed three days, and joined many new members. Three and thirty of these had found peace with God, as did five more in the week following. When Mr. *Watson* came, he joined many more, eleven of whom were justified. At our meeting on Tuesday, eleven more were filled with the peace of God. Yet one young man seemed quite unconcerned. But suddenly the power of God fell upon him: he cried for two hours with all his might, and then the Lord set his soul at liberty. On Saturday a few met at Mr. *Hunter's* room, who were athirst for full sanctification. For this they wrestled with God, till a young man found the blessing, as several others have done since. We have ever since continued our meetings, and God has continued his loving-kindness toward us. So that above an hundred and twenty are added to the society, above an hundred of whom are believers."

I left *John Fenwick* on Friday, June 5. to examine the society one by one. This he did on Friday and Saturday. The account of what ensued, he gave in the following words.

" On Saturday Evening, God was present thro' the whole service, but especially toward the conclusion. Then one and another dropped down, till six lay

lay on the ground together, roaring for the disquietude of their hearts. Observing many to be quite amazed at this, I besought them to stand still, and see the salvation of God. But the cry of the distressed soon drowned my voice: so I dismissed the congregation. About half of them went away. I continued praying with the rest, when my voice could be heard; when it could not, I prayed without a voice, till after ten o'clock. In this time, four of those poor mourners were clothed with the robes of praise.

"The society now consists of an hundred and sixty five members: of whom there are but twenty, that have not found peace with God. Surely such a work of God has not been seen before, in any part of the three kingdoms."

Such a work, it is true, in many respects, was that at *Everton*, some years since: yet not in all; as will fully appear, if we consider a few more circumstances of this.

"Forty-three of these are children, thirty of whom are rejoicing in the love of God. The chief instrument God has used among these is *Jane Salkeld*, a school mistress, a young woman, that is a pattern to all that believe. A few of her children are, *Phebe Tealberston*, nine years and an half old, a child of uncommon understanding: *Hannah Watson*, ten years old, full of faith and love; *Aaron Ridson*, not eleven years old, but wise and stayed as a man: *Sarah Smith*, eight years and an half old, but as serious as a woman of fifty. *Sarah Morris*, fourteen years of age, is as a mother among them, always serious, always watching over the rest, and building them up in love."

"Mention was made of four young men, who were affected on the second Wednesday in December. These hearing of the roaring of the people, came out of mere curiosity. That Evening, six were wounded and fell to the ground, crying aloud for mercy. One of them hearing the cry, rushed thro' the

the croud, to see what was the matter. He was no sooner got to the place, than he dropped down himself, and cried as loud as any. The other three, pressing on, one after another, were struck just in the same manner. And indeed all of them were in such agonies, that many feared, they were struck with death. But all the ten were fully delivered, before the meeting concluded, which indeed was not till four in the morning."

Jane Collins had been an hearer for twenty years, but was not awakened, till at a prayer-meeting last winter, she was cut to the heart. It being Sunday, the meeting should have ended at Nine: but thro' her distress it continued till near Twelve. She was then hardly persuaded to go home. In the Evening she returned, but was dead as a stone. So she continued all night. But the next day, God revealed his Son in her heart."

"*Edward Farles* had been an hearer for many years, but was never convinced of sin. Hearing there was much roaring and crying at the prayer-meetings, he came to hear and see for himself. That Evening, many cried to God for mercy. He said, he "wished it was all real;" and went away more prejudiced than before, especially against the "roarers and criers," as he called them. But soon after he got home, he was struck to the ground, so distressed, that he was convulsed all over. His family fearing that he would die, sent for some of the "praying people." For some hours he seemed to be every moment on the point of expiring, in deep agony both of body and mind. He then lay as quite breathless. But about Four in the Morning God in a moment healed both soul and body. Ever since he has adorned the gospel."

"The rise of the late work was this. *William Hunter* and *John Watson*, men not of large gifts, but zealous for christian perfection, by their warm conversation on the head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it; and

for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire then spread wider and wider, till the whole society was in a flame." Thus far *John Penwick*.

It was observed above, that this work greatly resembled that at *Everton*. It did in many respects, but not in all: To instance in some particulars.

It resembled that work, 1. In its unexpected beginning. No such work had ever been seen before either at *Everton* or in *Wardale*, when it broke out in so astonishing a manner, equally unlooked for by the instruments and by the subjects of it. The latter resembled the former work. Secondly, in the *swiftness* of its progress, I mean, in the persons affected: Many of whom were in one day, or even two or three hours, both convinced of sin (without any previous awakening) and converted to God: 3. In the *number* of persons both convinced and converted; which was greater in a few months, than it had been in *Wardale* from the first preaching there, or in *Everton* for a century. The work in *Wardale* resembled that at *Everton*, 4. In the outward symptoms which have attended it. In both, the sudden and violent emotions of mind, whether of fear, or sorrow, of desire or joy, affected the whole bodily frame; insomuch that many trembled exceedingly, many fell to the ground, many were violently convulsed, perhaps all over, and many seemed to be in the agonies of death. And the far greater part, however otherwise affected, cried with a loud and bitter cry. To name but one circumstance more, there was a great resemblance, 5. In most of the *instruments* whom God employed. These were plain, artless men, simple of heart, but without any remarkable gifts; men who (almost literally) *knew nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified*.

In these respects, the work of God in *Wardale* nearly resembled that at *Everton*. But in other respects, they were widely different, For 1. That was the *first work* of God, of the kind, which had ever been in those parts, in the memory of man.

This

This was only the revival of a work, which had continued for many years. Now these circumstances are common at the dawn of a work, but afterwards very uncommon. I do not remember to have seen the like, any where in the three kingdoms, unless at the beginning of a work. 2. Although the former work was swift, the latter was far swifter. In general, persons were both awakened and justified in a far shorter time. 3. A far greater number were converted to God in *Wardale*, than about *Everton*; although the number of hearers, round about *Everton*, was abundantly greater than in *Wardale*. 4. Although the outward symptoms were the same, yet in *Wardale* there were none of the dreams, visions, and revelations, which abounded at *Everton*; and which, though at first they undoubtedly were from God, yet were afterwards fatally counterfeited by the devil, to the great discredit of the work of God. 5. There was a great difference in the *instruments*, whom God employed in one and in the other work. Not one of those in or near *Everton*, had any experience in the guiding of souls. None of them were more than *babes in Christ*, if any of them so much. Whereas in *Wardale*, not only the three preachers were, I believe, *renewed in love*, but most of the leaders were deeply experienced in the work of God, accustomed to train up souls in his way, and not ignorant of Satan's devices. And hence we may easily account for the grand difference between the former, and the latter work: namely, that the one was so *shallow*, there scarce being any subjects rising above an *infant state* of grace; the other so *deep*, many, both men, women, and children, being what *St. Jobu* terms *young men* in Christ. Yea, many children here have had far deeper experience, and more constant fellowship with God, than the oldest man or woman at *Everton*, which I have seen or heard of. So that, upon the whole, we may affirm such a work of God, as this, has not been seen before in the three kingdoms.

Friday, 5. Upon examination, I found the society at *Newcastle* also smaller, than it was two years since. This I can impute to nothing, but the want of visiting from house to house; without which the people will hardly increase, either in number or grace.

In the following week, I preached in many towns round *Newcastle*, and on Saturday went again to *Sunderland*. In the Evening, we mightily wrestled with God, for an enlargement of his work. As we were concluding, an eminent backslider came strongly into my mind. And I broke out abruptly, "Lord, is Saul also among the prophets? Is *James Watson* here? If he be, shew thy power!" Down dropped *James Watson* like a stone, and began crying aloud for mercy:

Here, Lord, let all his wandrings end,
And all his steps to thee-ward tend.

Wednesday, 15. I left *Newcastle*. About Noon I preached at *Durham*, in the Evening at *Stockton*: on Tuesday, at *Tarm*; Wednesday, at *Thirsk*; on Thursday at *Osmotherley*, and *Huttonrudby*. Friday, 19. I preached in *Stokesley* at Eight, and then crept over the moors to *Castleton*. The congregation was gathered from many miles round, and was indeed *swift to hear*. It was with much difficulty that we got from hence to *Whitby*, between six and seven.

Here I found a lively society indeed: the chief reason of their liveliness was this. Those who were renewed in love, (about forty in number) continuing fervent in spirit, and zealous for God, quickened the rest, and were a blessing to all around them.

Saturday, 20. It being a fair, mild evening, I preached on the smooth, green top of the hill, a little above the church. As soon as I began to preach, some poor men began ringing the bells. But it was lost labour: for all the people could hear, to the very skirts of the congregation.

Sunday,

Sunday, 21. About Noon I preached in the little square at *Robinhood's Bay*, to most of the inhabitants of the town, and in the Evening at *Scarborough*, in the shell of the new house. Monday, 22. I went on to *Barlington*. The room being far too small, I was desired to preach in the church-yard. On the ringing of the bells, I removed thence to the market-house, where we had more than double the congregation, the snow-ball gathering all the way we went.

Tuesday, 23. About Eleven I preached at *Driffield*. The sun was extremely hot; but I was tolerably screened by a shady tree: In the Evening I preached at *Beverley*, and on Wednesday, 24. in the new house at *Hull*, extremely well finished, and upon the whole, one of the prettiest preaching-houses in *England*. The next Evening we were crouded enough. Being informed that many antinomians were present, I preached on *God sent his own Son, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, walking not after the flesh, but after the spirit*.

Friday, 26. I went on to *York*. The next day I read over Mr. *Elst*'s ingenious treatise on the *Hydrocele*. He supposes the best cure is by a *seton* or a *caustic*: But I am not inclined to try either of them. I know a Physician that has a shorter cure than either one or the other.

Monday, 29. I preached about Ten at *Tadcaster*, and in the Evening at *Pately-bridge*. Tuesday, 30. Calling at a little inn on the Moors, I spoke a few words to an old man there, as my wife did to the woman of the house. They both appeared to be deeply affected. Perhaps Providence sent us to this house for the sake of those two poor souls. In the Evening I preached in the new house at *Osley*, as neat as that at *Hull*. And the people appeared to be much alive, so that I was greatly comforted among them.

Saturday, July, 4. I rode to the *Etwood*, to *S. Lookwood's*, formerly the wife of young Mr. *Grimshaw*: afterward married to Mr. *Lockwood*, and

now again, a young widow. Her sister was with her, the relict of Mr. *Sutcliff*, whose case was very uncommon. He had for some time used the cold bath, for a nervous disorder, and was advised to try the warm. Immediately he was seized with racking pains all over, and in two hours expired.

At One I preached at *Heptonstall*, to some thousands of people, who stood just before the preaching house, on a lovely green, which rises slope above slope, like artificial terraces. Hence we climbed up and down wonderful mountains to *Kigbley*, where many from various parts were waiting for us. Sunday, 5. Not half the congregation at *Harworth* could get into the church in the Morning, nor a third part in the Afternoon. So I stood on a kind of pulpit, near the side of the church. Such a congregation was never seen there before. And I believe all heard distinctly.

Monday, 6. At Noon I preached to a large congregation at *Bingley*, and at *Bradforth* in the Evening. From this comfortable place, on Wednesday, 8. I went to *Halifax*. My old friend, *Titus Knight*, offered me the use of his new meeting, larger than Dr. *Taylor's* at *Norwich*, full as *superb*, (so he terms it in his poem) and finished with the utmost elegance. But I judged more people would attend in the open air: so I preached in the *Cow-market* to an huge multitude. Our house was well filled at Five in the Morning. At Ten I preached in the new house at *Thong*: at Two in the market-place at *Huddersfield*, to full as large a congregation as at *Halifax*. Such another we had at *Dewsbury* in the Evening. And my strength was as my day.

Saturday, 11. I was presented with Mr. *Hill's Review*, a curiosity in its kind. But it has nothing to do either with good-nature or good manners. For he is writing to an *Arminian*! I almost wonder at his passionate desire to measure swords with me. This is the third time he has fallen upon me without fear or wit. *Tandem extorquebis ut vapules.*

Sunday,

Sunday, 12. I preached at *Morley* about Nine, *Birfal* at One, and *Leeds* in the Evening. Monday, 13. I preached in *Ledstone* church, and spoke as plain and close as I could. But it seemed to be heathen *Greek* to the congregation. In the Evening we had such another congregation at *Doncaster*. Tuesday, 14. I preached at *Sheffield*, Thursday, 16, at *Hatbenham*, and Friday, 17. at *Hatfield*. Here some time since a justice levied a fine on a local preacher, on pretence of the conventicle act. So did a justice in *Kent*, three or four years ago. But it cost him some hundred pounds for his pains.

The next day I rested at *Epworth*. Monday, 20. About Eight I preached at *Brigg*, a noisy, turbulent town, in which no Methodist had preached before. So it was supposed there would be much tumult. But there was none at all; for the fear of God fell upon the whole cogregation. I preached in *Fealby* at One, and *Horncastle* in the Evening: on Tuesday and Wednesday, at *Trust-thorpe*, *Lowth* and *Grimshy*. Here I was informed of a good man, *Thomas Capiter*, dying in the full triumph of faith. He was between twenty and thirty years a pillar and an ornament of the society. A loss one would think, not soon to be repaired. But what is too hard for God?

Thursday, 23. I preached at *Barrow*, and at Five on Friday: about Nine at *Awkborough*; and at Two for the first time, in *Messingham*, under a wide spread tree. One or two poor men, not very sober, made some noise for a time. But they soon walked away, and left me a numerous and attentive congregation. In the Evening I preached at *Owston*, and after a busy day, lay down and slept in peace.

In this journey I read a volume of the *Medical Essays*, lately published at *London*, I have read a thousand strange things; but none stranger than the account which is here given, of three persons who were entirely cured of a confirmed dropsy, one by drinking six quarts a day of cold water, the second, by

drink.

drinking two or three gallons of new cyder, the third, by drinking a gallon or two of small beer, and the same quantity of butter-milk! Why then, what are we doing, in keeping dropical persons from small drink? The same as in keeping persons in the small-pox from air.

Monday, 27. I read Mr. *Adam's* ingenious comment on the former part of the epistle to the *Romans*. I was surprized and grieved. How are the mighty fallen! It is the very quintessence of Antinomianism. I did wonder much, but I do not wonder now, that his *rod does not blossom*.

Wednesday, 29. I crossed over to *Pouffret* (properly *Pontefract*) and about Noon opened the new preaching house there. The congregation was large, and still as night: perhaps this is a token for good. Being straitened for time, I was obliged to ride hard to *Swinscot*. And I had strength enough, tho' none to spare.

Thursday, 30. I preached in the new house at *Thorne*: Friday, 31. About Nine at *Doncaster*. It was the first time I have observed any impression made, upon this elegant people. After preaching at *Harbury*, *Wakefield* and *Binstal*, on Sunday Evening I preached at *Leeds*. On Tuesday, August 4. our conference began. Generally during the time of conference, as I was talking from Morning to night, I had used to desire one of our brethren to preach in the Morning. But having many things to say, I resolved with God's help, to preach Mornings as well as Evenings. And I found no difference at all: I was no more tired than with my usual labour: that is, no more than if I had been sitting still in my study from morning to night.

Friday, 7. We had a remarkable instance of God's hearing prayer. Last Friday a poor mourner after Christ, standing by the grave, at the burial of her husband, sunk down into her brother's arms, having no strength left in her. He thought it was with grief: but it was indeed with joy; for just then

then God wrote pardon on her heart. To day she sunk again as one dead, and continued so for some time. When she opened her eyes, she said, "Is not this heaven? Sure I cannot be upon earth still." She was in heaven tho' on earth. She was all love, having given God all her heart. I saw her in the evening, witnessing, that the blood of Christ *cleanseth from all sin.*

Sunday, 9. I preached at *Rothwell*, in *Thorner* church, and at *Leeds*: Monday, 10. at *Cudworth* and at *Sheffield*. Tuesday, 11. About Eight, I preached at *Grindford-bridge*. Before Two we reached *Longner*. After we had dined, a poor woman came in, and another, and another, till we had seventeen or eighteen men and women, with whom we spent a little time very comfortably in prayer and praise. At the end of the town the chaise broke down. We had two and twenty miles to *Bailem*. So I took horse, and making haste, came thither a little before preaching-time. Wednesday, 12. I preached at *Salop*, and spake strong words, to the amazement of many *notional* believers. Thursday, 13. I preached at the *Hay*. Friday, 14. About noon, at the request of my old friend *Howel Harris*, I preached at *Trewecka*, on the *strait gate*. And we found our hearts knit together as at the beginning. He said, "I have borne with those pert, ignorant young men, vulgarly called *Students*, till I cannot in conscience bear any longer. They preach bare-faced reprobation, and so broad antinomianism, that I have been constrained to oppose them to the face, even in the public congregation." It is no wonder they should preach thus. What better can be expected from raw lads, of little understanding, little learning, and no experience?

After spending a day or two very comfortably at *Brecknock*, on Monday, 17, I preached in the castle at *Carmarthen*, and on Tuesday, 18. in the new house at *Haverford west*, far the neatest in *Wales*. There is a considerable increase in this society; and not in number only. After preaching on Wednesday Evening we had such a meeting as I have seldom known.

known. Almost every one spoke, as well as they could for tears; and with the utmost simplicity. And many of them appeared to know *the great salvation*, to love God with all their heart.

Thursday, 20. I rode over to Mr. *Bowen's* at *Llanguire*, an agreeable place, and an agreeable family. Here I rejoiced to meet with Mr. *Pugh*, whose living is within a mile of *Llanguire*. In the Evening he read prayers at *Newport* and preached to a deeply serious congregation. I trust, his lot is cast for good, among a people both desirous and capable of instruction. Friday, 21. I preached again about Eight, and then rode back to *Harford*. After dinner we hastened to the passage. But the watermen were not in haste to fetch us over. So I sat down on a convenient stone, and finished the little tract I had in hand. However I got to *Pembroke* in time, and preached in the town-hall, where we had a solemn and comfortable opportunity.

Sunday, 23. The violent rain considerably lessened our congregation at *St. Daniel's*. Afterwards the wind was so extremely high, that I doubted if we could cross the passage. But it stood exactly in the right point: and we got to *Harford* just before the thunder storm began. In the Evening, I took my leave of this loving people, and the next reached *Llanelly*.

Tuesday, 25. I went on to *Swansey*, and preached in the Evening to a numerous congregation. I preached in *Old-castle* church, near *Bridge-end*, about Noon on Wednesday, 26: and in the Evening, in the assembly-room at *Cowbridge*, to an unusually serious congregation. Thursday, 27. I preached at *Cardiff* in the town-hall; as also the following Evening: about noon in the little church at *Carphilly*. Saturday, 29. I went on to *Bristol*.

Wednesday, September, 2. I preached at *Bath*. Our room, tho' considerably enlarged, will not yet contain the congregation, which is still continually increasing.

Friday,

Friday, 4. I went over to *Kingswood* and spake largely to the children, as also on Saturday and Sunday. I found there had been a fresh revival of the work of God among them some months ago. But it was soon at an end, which I impute chiefly to their total neglect of private prayer. Without this, all the other means which they enjoyed could profit them nothing.

Sunday, 6. I preached on the *Kay*, at *Kingswood*, and near *Kings-square*. To this day field preaching is a cross to me. But I know my commission, and see no other way of *preaching the gospel to every creature*.

In the following week I preached at *Bath*, *Frome*, *Corsley*, *Bradford*, and *Kaintham*: on Tuesday, 15. at *Pensford*. Thence I went to *Publow*, which is now, what *Latoustone* was once! Here is a family indeed: such mistresses, and such a company of children, as I believe all *England* cannot parallel! Wednesday, 16. I spent an hour with them in exhortation and prayer, and was much comforted among them. I preached in *Pensford* at Eight, *Paulton* about One, and *Colford* in the Evening.

Friday, 18. I preached very quietly at the *Devizes*. Scarce one of the old persecutors is alive. Very few of them lived out half their days; many were snatched away in an hour when they looked not for it.

Friday, 25. I went over to *Kingswood* again, and had much satisfaction with the children. On Sunday I talked with the elder children, one by one, advising them as each had need. And it was easy to perceive that God is again working in many of their hearts.

Wednesday, 30. I began visiting the society from house to house, taking them from west to east. This will undoubtedly be an heavy cross, no way pleasing to flesh and blood. But I already saw, how unspeakably useful it will be to many souls.

Monday,

Monday, October 5. I left *Bristol*, and going round by *Shaftsbury*, *Salisbury*, *Winchester* and *Portsmouth*, on Saturday, 10. reached *London*.

Monday, 12. I began my little tour thro' *Northamptonshire*. Wednesday, 14. A book was given me to write on, the works of Mr. *Thompson*, of whose poetical abilities I had always had a very low opinion. But looking into one of his tragedies, *Edward and Elconara*, I was agreeably surprized. The sentiments are just and noble, the diction strong, smooth and elegant: and the plot conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in a most surprizing manner. It is quite his master-piece, and I really think might vie with any modern performance of the kind.

Friday, 16. I went round to *Bedford*. I was sorry to hear from alderman *Parker*, that his son-in-law, who succeeded him in the mayoralty, had broke thro' all the regulations which he had made tolerating all the tippling, sabbath-breaking, &c. which Mr. P. had totally suppress! Thus shewing to all the world, that he was not *under the law* either of God or man!

Monday, 19. I began my tour through *Oxfordshire*. Tuesday, 20. In the Evening, I preached at *Witney*, to a crowded congregation, and, at present, one of the liveliest in the kingdom. Afterwards I met the society, much alive to God, and growing both in grace and number.

Wednesday, 21. I conversed freely with some of the most amiable christians I know. In the Morning, I met the select society, one and twenty in number, all (it seemed) or all but one rejoicing in the pure love of God. It is no wonder, if the influence of these should extend to the whole society, or even the whole town.

Thursday, 22. I found another society at *Higb Wycombe*, almost as earnest as that at *Witney*. A large congregation was present at Five in the Morning, many of whom were athirst for full salvation. I talked with twelve of them, who seemed to have

experienced it. This is genuine christianity! Friday, 23. I preached at *Chesterham*, and on Saturday returned to *London*.

Monday, 26. At Twelve, I set out in the stage-coach, and in the Evening came to *Norwich*. Tuesday, 27. Finding abundance of people were out of work, and consequently in the utmost want, such a general decay of trade having hardly been known, in the memory of man) I inforced in the Evening, *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* For many years, I have not seen so large a congregation here, in the Mornings, as well as Evenings. One reason of which may be this. Thousands of people, who, when they had fulness of bread, never considered whether they had any souls or not, now they are in want, begin to think of God. Thursday, 29. I took an exact account of the society, considerably increased within this year. And there is reason to believe, that many of the members are now a little established, and will no longer be driven to and fro, as reeds shaken with the wind. Friday, 30. I went to *Loddon*, ten miles from *Norwich*, where there has been preaching for a year or two. The preaching house, at *One*, was thoroughly filled with serious and attentive hearers. So was the house at *Norwich* in the Evening. From all these blossoms, will there not be some fruit?

Saturday, 31. A young man of good sense, and an unblameable character, gave me a strange account of what (he said) had happened to himself, and three other persons in the same house. As I knew, they all feared God, I thought the matter deserved a farther examination. So in the Afternoon I talked largely with them all. The sum of their account was this,

“Near two years ago, *Martin S—* and *William J—* saw, in a dream, two or three times repeated to each of them, a person who told them, there was a large treasure hid in such a spot, three miles

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from

from *Norwich*, consisting of money and plate, buried in a chest, between six and eight feet deep. They did not much regard this, till each of them, when they were broad awake, saw an elderly man and woman standing by their bedside, who told them the same thing, and bad them go and dig it up, between Eight and Twelve at Night. Soon after, they went, but being afraid took a third man with them. They began digging at Eight, and after they had dug six feet, saw the top of a coffer or chest. But presently it sunk down into the earth; and there appeared over the place a large globe of bright fire, which, after some time, rose higher and higher, till it was quite out of sight. Not long after, the man and woman appeared again, and said, "You spoiled all, by bringing that man with you." From this time, both they, and *Sarah* and *Mary* J—who live in the same house with them, have heard, several times in a week, delightful music, for a quarter of an hour at a time. They often hear it, before those persons appear; often when they do not appear." They asked me, "whether they were good or bad spirits?" But I could not resolve them.

Sunday, November 1. I administered the Lord's supper, as usual, to the society; and had, at least, fifty more communicants than this time last year. In the Evening, many hundreds went away, not being able to squeeze into the room. For those that were within, it was a blessed season: God watered them with the dew of heaven; and so likewise at Five in the Morning. Even to part in this manner is sweet. But how much sweeter will it be, to meet before the throne?

Monday, 2. No coach setting out hence to day, I was obliged to take chaises to *Bury*. I preached to a little, cold company, on the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the *Corinthians*. This love is the very thing they want; but they did not like to be told so. But I could not help that: I must declare just what I find in the book.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, 3. I went on to *Colchester*. The congregation in the Evening was little smaller than that at *Norwich*. The next Evening, I took an exact account of the society, a little increased since last November. But most of them were hard beset with poverty. So indeed they were ever since I knew them: but they are now in greater want than ever, through scarcity of business. Few of our societies are rich: but I know none in the kingdom so deplorably poor as this. Saturday, 7. I returned in the coach, with very sensible and agreeable company, to *London*.

Sunday, 8. In discoursing on *Psalms* xv. 1. I was led to speak more strongly and explicitly, than I had done for a long time before, on the universal love of God. Perhaps in times past, from an earnest desire of living peaceably with all men, we have not declared, in this respect, the whole counsel of God. But since Mr. *Hill* and his allies have cut us off from this hope, and proclaimed an inexpiable war, we see it is our calling, to go strait forward, declaring to all mankind, that Christ tasted death for all, *to cleanse them from all sin*.

Monday, 9. I began to expound (chiefly in the Mornings, as I did some years ago) that compendium of all the Holy Scriptures, the first epistle of *St. John*.

Friday, 13. I went to *Barnet*, and found a large congregation, though it was a rainy and dark Evening. Saturday, 14. I saw, for the first time, the chappel at *Snowfields* full: a presage, I hope, of a greater work there, than has been since the deadly breach was made.

Tuesday, 17. One was relating a remarkable story, which I thought worthy to be remembered. Two years ago, a gentleman of large fortune, in *Kent*, dreamed that he was walking through the church-yard, and saw a new monument with the following inscription,

“ Here lies the body of *Samuel Savage*, Esq;
“ who departed this life on September 1772:
“ aged——”

He told his friends in the Morning, and was much affected. But the impression soon wore off. But on that day he did depart, and a stone was erected with that very inscription.

A gentlewoman present added a relation equally surprizing, which she received from the person's own mouth.

"Mrs. B—, when about fourteen years of age, being at a boarding school, a mile or two from her father's, dreamed she was on the top of the church-steeple, when a man came up, and threw her down to the roof of the church. Yet she seemed not much hurt, till he came to her again, and threw her to the bottom. She thought, she looked hard at him, and said, "Now you have hurt me sadly, but I shall hurt you worse," and waked. A week after, she was to go to her father's. She set out early in the Morning. At the entrance of a little wood, she stopped and doubted, whether she should not go round, instead of through it. But, knowing no reason, she went strait through, till she came to the other side. Just as she was going over the stile, a man pulled her back by the hair. She immediately knew, it was the same man whom she had seen in her dream. She fell on her knees, and begged him, "For God's sake, do not hurt me any more." He put his hands round her neck, and squeezed her so, that she instantly lost her senses. He then stripped her, carried her a little way, and threw her into a ditch.

Mean time, her father's servant coming to the school, and hearing she was gone without him, walked back. Coming to the stile, he heard several groans, and looking about, saw many drops of blood. He traced them to the ditch, whence the groans came. He lifted her up, not knowing her at all, as her face was covered with blood, carried her to a neighbouring house, and, running to the village, quickly brought a surgeon. She was just alive; but her throat was much hurt, so that she could not speak at all.

Just

Just then, a young man of the village was missing. Search being made, he was apprehended in an ale-house, two miles off. He had all her cloaths with him in a bag, which, he said, he found. It was three months before she was able to go abroad. He was arraigned at the assizes. She knew him perfectly, and swore to the man. He was condemned, and soon after executed.

Monday, 23. I opened the new house at *Dorking*, and was much comforted, both this and the following Evening. In returning to *London*, I read over *Belisarius*. The historical part is both affecting and instructive. But his tedious detail of the duties of a king might very well be spared.

Wednesday, December 2. I preached at the new preaching house, in the parish of *Bromley*. In speaking severally to the members of the society, I was surprized at the openness and artlessness of the people. Such I should never have expected to find, within ten miles of *London*.

Monday, 7. I went to *Canterbury*, and on Tuesday to *Dover*. The raw, pert young men, that lately came hither, (vulgarly, though very improperly, called *students*) though they have left no stone unturned, have not been able to tear away one single member from our society. I preached here two Evenings and two Mornings, to a large and much affected congregation. Thursday, 10. I preached at *Margate* about One, and at *Canterbury* in the Evening. Friday, 11. Passing through *Sittingburn*, I found a congregation ready: so I gave them a short discourse, and went on to *Chatham*.

In this journey, I read over Sir *John Dalrymple's* "Memoirs of the Revolution." He appears to be a man of strong understanding; and the book is wrote with great accuracy of language, (allowing for a few Scoticism) and intermixt with very sensible reflections. But I observe 1. He believes just as much of the bible, as *David Hume* did. Hence he perpetually ascribes to *enthusiasm* whatever good men did,

from a strong conviction of duty. 2. He cordially believes that idle tale, which King *James* published, concerning Father *Huddleston's* giving King *Charles* extreme unction. My eldest brother asked Lady *Oglethorpe* concerning this. "Sir, (said she) I never left the room, from the moment the king was taken ill, till the breath went out of his body: and I aver, that neither *F. Huddleston*, nor any priest came into the room, till his death." 3. He much labours to excuse that monster of cruelty, *Grabam* of *Claverhouse*, afterwards, as a reward for his execrable villainies, created Lord *Dundee*. Such wanton barbarities were scarce ever heard of, as he practised toward men, women, and children. Sir *John* himself says enough, in telling us his behaviour to his own troops. "He had but *one* punishment for *all* faults, death: and for a very moderate fault, he would ride up to a young gentleman, and, without any trial or ceremony, shoot him thro' the head." 4. He is not rightly informed concerning the manner of his death. I learned in *Scotland*, that the current tradition is this. At the battle of *Gallycrankie*, being armed in steel from head to foot, he was brandishing his sword over his head, and swearing a broad oath, that "before the sun went down, he would not leave an Englishman alive." Just then a musket-ball struck him under the arm, at the joints of his armour. Is it *enthusiasm* to say, Thus the hand of God rewarded him according to his works!

Monday, 14. I read prayers and preached to a crouded congregation at *Gravesend*. The stream here spreads wide; but it is not deep. Many are *drawn*; but none converted, or even awakened. Such is the general method of God's providence: where all approve, few profit.

Thursday, 17. In my way to *Luton*, I read Mr. *Hutcheson's* "Essay on the Passions." He is a beautiful writer; but his scheme cannot stand, unless the bible falls. I know both from scripture, reason and experience, that his picture of man is not
drawn

drawn from the life. It is not true, that no man is capable of malice, or delight in giving pain; much less, that every man is virtuous, and remains so as long as he lives: nor does the scripture allow, that any action is good, which is done without any design to please God.

Friday, 18. I preached at *Hertford*. Last year there was a fair prospect there. But the servants of God quarrelled among themselves, till they destroyed the whole work. So that not only the society is no more, but even the preaching is discontinued. And hence those who had no religion before, are now more hardened than ever. A more stupid and senseless mob I never saw, than that which flocked together in the Evening. Yet they softened by degrees, so that at last all were quiet, and as it were, attentive.

Monday, 21. I visited the sick in various parts of the town, but was surprized, that they were so few. I hardly remember so healthy a winter in *London*: So wisely does God order all things, that the poor may not utterly be destroyed, by hunger and sickness together.

Sunday, 27. I dined with one who in the midst of plenty is completely miserable, through *the spirit of bondage*, and in particular, through the fear of death. This came upon him not by any outward means, but the immediate touch of God's Spirit. It will be well, if he does not shake it off, till he receives *the Spirit of adoption*.

Thursday, 31. Being greatly embarrassed by the necessities of the poor, we spread all our wants before God in solemn prayer; believing that he would sooner *make windows in heaven*, than suffer his truth to fail.

Friday, January, 1. 1773. We (as usual) solemnly renewed our covenant with God. Monday, 4. I began revising my letters and papers. One of them was wrote above an hundred and fifty years ago (in 1619) I suppose, by my grandfather's father, to her
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he was to marry in a few days. Several were wrote by my brothers and me when at school, many while we were at the University; abundantly testifying (if it be worth knowing) what was our aim from our youth up.

Thursday, 7. I called where a child was dying of the small-pox, and rescued her from death and the doctors, who were giving her saffron &c. to drive them out! Can any one be so ignorant still?

We observed Friday the 8th, as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the general want of trade and scarcity of provisions. The next week I made an end of revising my letters. And from those I had both wrote and received, I could not but make one remark, That for above these forty years, of all the friends who were once the most closely united, and afterwards separated from me, every one had *separated himself!* He left me, not I him. And from both mine and their own letters, the steps whereby they did this are clear and undeniable.

Monday, 18. In my scraps of time this week, I read over "An account of the *European Settlements in America.*" But some part of it I cannot receive; I mean, touching the manners of the *native Americans*: If it be true, that "they all nearly resemble each other," then from the knowledge I have of not a few *American* nations, I must judge a great part of that account, to be pure, absolute romance: and I suspect it to have been transcribed from some papers, which I myself read, before I embarked for *America.*

Thursday, 28. I buried the remains of poor *E. T.*: of whom *ever since she died* her husband speaks as a most excellent woman, and a most affectionate wife! I have known many such instances: Many couples, who while they lived together, spoke of each other as *mere sinners.* But as soon as either was dead, the survivor spake of the deceased as the *best creature* in the world!

Tuesday, February, 2. Captain *Webb* preached at the Foundery. I admire the wisdom of God, in still raising

raising up various preachers, according to the various tastes of men. The captain is all life and fire : Therefore although he is not deep or regular, yet many who would not hear a better preacher, flock together to hear him. And many are convinced under his preaching ; some justified ; a few built up in love.

Thursday, 4. I had much conversation with *P. M.* He said, his "printing that wretched book against me, was owing to the pressing instances of Mr. *Wb.* and Lady *H.*" I cannot tell how to believe it. But if it was, they might have been better employed.

On Monday, 15, and the following days, I took a little journey into *Surry*. On the road I read *Bonawici's* history of the late war in *Italy*. I think the late revolution at *Genoa*, which he recites at large, is altogether as strange as that of *Massaniello* at *Naples*. That an unarmed rabble without any head, should drive a disciplined army, under an experienced general, who were in possession of the arms, the forts and the whole city, not only out of the city and forts, but out of the whole territory of *Genoa*, is a plain proof, That God rules in all the kingdoms of the earth, and executes his will by whomsoever it pleaseth him.

Wednesday, 24. A very remarkable paragraph was published in one of the *Edinburgh Papers*.

" We learn from the *Rosses* in the county of *Donegal*, in *Ireland*, that a Danish man of war, called the *North Crown*, commanded by the Baron *D' Ulfeld*, arrived off those islands, from a voyage of discovery towards the pole. They sailed from *Bornholme* in *Norway*, the 1st of June, 1769, with stores for 18 months, and some able astronomers, landscape-painters, and every apparatus suitable to the design ; and steering N. by E. half E. for 37 days, with a fair wind and open sea, discovered a large rocky island, which having doubled, they proceeded W. N. W. till the 17th of September, when they

they found themselves in a strong current, between two high lands, seemingly about ten leagues distant, which carried them at a prodigious rate for three days, when, to their great joy, they saw the main land of America, that lies between the most westerly part of the settlements on Hudson's river and California. Here they anchored, in a fine cove, and found abundance of wild deer and buffaloes, with which they victualled; and sailing southward, in three months got into the Pacific Ocean, and returned by the streights of le Maine, and the West India islands. They have brought many curiosities, particularly, a prodigious bird, called a Contor, or Contose, above six feet in height, of the eagle kind, whose wings, expanded, measure twenty two feet, four inches. After bartering some skins with the country people, for meal, rum, and other necessaries, they sailed for Bremen, to wait the thaw, previous to their return to Copenhagen."

Feb. 24. 1773.

If this account is true, one would hope not *only* the king of *Denmark* will avail himself of so important a discovery.

Wednesday, March, 3. I was invited to see Mr. Cox's celebrated *Museum*. I cannot say, my expectation was disappointed; for I expected nothing, and I found nothing but an heap of pretty, glittering trifles, prepared at an immense expence. For what end? To please the fancy of fine ladies and pretty gentlemen!

Sunday, 7. In the Evening I set out for *Bristol*, and after spending a few days there, on Monday, 15, went to *Stroud*, and on Tuesday, 16. to *Worcester*. Here I enquired, concerning the "intelligence sent Mr. Hill from *Worcester*" (as he says in his warm book) "of the shocking behaviour of some that professed to be perfect." It was supposed, that intelligence came from Mr. Skinner, a dear lover of me and all connected with me. The truth is, One of the society, after having left it, behaved extremely ill. But none who professed to love God with all their

their heart, have done any thing contrary to that profession.

I came to *Liverpool* on Saturday, 20. Monday, 22. The captain was in haste to get my chaise on board. About Eleven we went aboard ourselves: and before One we ran on a sand-bank. So the ship being fast, we went ashore again. Tuesday, 23. We embarked again on board the *Free-mason*, with six other cabin-passengers, four gentlemen, and two genteel-women, one of whom was daily afraid of falling in labour. This gave me several opportunities of talking closely and of praying with her and her companion. We did not come abreast of *Holy-head* till Thursday Morning. We had then a strong gale, and a rolling sea. Most of the passengers were sick enough, but it did not affect me at all. In the Evening the gentlemen desired I would pray with them: so we concluded the day in a solemn and comfortable manner.

Friday, 26. We landed at *Dunlary*, and hired a coach to *Dublin*. Saturday, 27. I buried the remains of *Richard Walsh*. For several months, he had been quite disordered. But for some time before his death, his senses returned, and he died rejoicing and praising God.

On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society a little lessen'd, but now well-united together. I was a little surprized to find the Commissioners of the Customs would not permit my Chaise to be landed, because they said, "The Captain of a Pacquet-boat had no right to bring over Goods." Poor pretence! However, I was more obliged to them than I then knew. For had it come on shore, it would have been utterly spoiled.

Monday April 5. Having hired such a chaise as I could, I drove to *Edinderry*. Tuesday 6, I went on to *Tyrrels-pass*. Thursday 8. I preached in the Court-House at *Molingar* in the Morning, and in that at *Longford* in the Evening, and again at Eight in the Morning (being *Good-Friday*;) and then went on to *Athlone*.

I believe all the officers, with a whole army of Soldiers, were present in the Evening: So were most of them the next. I would fain have preached abroad on *Easter-Day*: but the rain would not permit. However the whole Congregation in the house behaved with so remarkable a seriousness, that it was good to be there. And I could not be sorry, that we were driven into it.

Monday 12. I preached at *Ballinaslo* and *Agbrim* Tuesday 13. As I went into *Eyre-court* the street was full of people, who gave us a loud huzza, when we passed through the market-place. I preached in the open air, to a multitude of people, all civil, and most of them serious. A great awakening has been in this town lately: And many of the most notorious and profligate sinners are entirely changed, and are happy witnesses of the gospel salvation.

I preached at *Birr* in the Evening: Wednesday, 14. At *Ferbatin* and *Coolylough*: Thursday, 15. In the church at *Clare*, one of the neatest I have seen in the kingdom. In the Evening I preached at *Tullamore*. I believe all the troopers were present: none of whom was more affected than one who had been a sinner far above his fellows. He was present again at Five in the Morning, and seemed fully resolved to forsake all sin.

Friday, 16. In the Evening and at Ten on Saturday, I preached at *Portarlinton*: On Saturday Evening at *Mountmelick*, and on Sunday, 18. at Nine, and again at Twelve, to an artless, earnest serious people. In the Afternoon I went on to *Montrath*. The rain constrained me to preach in the house. And God was present, both to wound and to heal.

Monday, 19. In the Evening I preached in the New House at *Kilkenny*, to a numerous congregation, almost as genteel and full as unawakened as that at *Portarlinton*. The next Evening it was considerably larger, and many seemed to be deeply affected. Even at this fountain-head of wickedness, I trust, God will always have a seed to serve him.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 21. Some applied to the Quakers at *Eniscorthy*, for the use of their meeting house. They refused. So I stood at *Hugh M'laughlin's* door, and both those within and without could hear. I was in doubt, which way to take from hence, one of my chaise-horses being much tired: till a gentleman of *Ballyrane* near *Wexford* told me, If I would preach at his house the next Evening, he would meet me on the road with a fresh horse. So I complied, tho' it was some miles out of the way. Accordingly he met us on Thursday, 22, six or seven miles from *Eniscorthy*. But we found, his mare would not draw at all. So we were forced to go on as we could. I preached in the Evening at *Ballyrane*, to a deeply serious congregation. Early in the morning we set out, and at Two in the Afternoon came to *Ballinac-Ferry*.

A troop of sailors ran down to the shore, to see the chaise put into the boat. I was walking at a small distance, when I heard them cry out, "Avast! Avast! The coach is overfet into the river." I thought, "However 'tis well my bags are on shore: so my papers are not spoiled." In less than an hour they fished up the chaise, and got it safe into the boat. As it would not hold us all, I got in myself, leaving the horses to come after. At half hour after Three I came to *Passage*. Finding no post-chaise could be had, and having no time to spare, I walked on (six or seven miles) to *Waterford*, and began preaching without delay on, *My yoke is easy, and my burden is light*.

Saturday, 24. I had much satisfaction both Morning and Evening, in the number and seriousness of the congregation. Sunday, 25. Word being brought me, that the Mayor was willing I should preach in the *bowling-green*, I went thither in the Evening. An huge multitude was quickly gathered together. I preached on, *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God*. Some attempted to disturb, but without success; the bulk of the congregation

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being

being deeply attentive. But as I was drawing to a conclusion, some of the papists set on their work in earnest. They knocked down *John Christian*, with two or three more, who endeavoured to quiet them; and then began to roar like the waves of the sea: but hitherto could they come and no farther. Some gentlemen who stood near me, rushed into the midst of them, and after bestowing some heavy blows, seized the ringleader and delivered him to the constable. And one of them undertook to conduct me home. So, few received any hurt, but the rioters themselves, which I trust will make them more peaceable for the time to come.

Monday, 26. I went on to *Clabeen*; Tuesday, to *Cork*, Wednesday to *Bandon*. The wind being boisterous, I preached in the house, well filled with ferocious hearers. Even the fashionable ones, who were not a few, were uncommonly attentive. So they were the next Evening: such congregations had not been seen in *Bandon* for twenty years. And the society was near doubled within a twelve-month. So had God blessed the labours of *William Collins*! Another proof, that *at present*, a prophet is not without honour, even in his own country.

Friday, 30. We had a solemn watch-night at *Cork*. I believe the confidence of many was shaken, while I was enforcing, *Tho' I had all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing*. An hard saying! But yet absolutely necessary to be insisted on, particularly among the people called methodists. Otherwise how many of them will build on the sand, on an unloving, unholy faith!

Tuesday, May 4. I left *Cork* with much satisfaction, having seen the fruit of my labour. In the Afternoon we had a quick succession of piercing wind, rain, hail and snow: and in a short time after, loud thunder, with a few flashes of lightning. We lodged at *Charleville*, and on Wednesday, 5. after an easy ride dined at *Limerick*.

Here

Here I found as in time past, a settled, serious people, but in danger of sinking into formality. Thursday, 6. I hired a post-chaise for *Balligarane*, the man promising to go two miles and an half an hour. But he could not perform it. In about five hours he could not drive quite twelve miles. I then took horse, and after riding two miles, came just at the time I had appointed. In the Evening I preached at *Newmarket*: papists and protestants flocked together from every side. And for the time they appeared to be greatly affected. But who will endure to the end?

Friday, 7. I returned to *Limerick*, but could not preach abroad, because of the severe weather. Monday, 10. After the Morning preaching, I met the select society. All of these once experienced salvation from sin: some enjoy it still: but the greater part are, more or less shorn of their strength; yet not without hope of recovering it.

Tuesday, 11. The north wind was so high and sharp, that it was thought best, I should preach within. But had I known what a congregation was assembled in the Barracks, I should have preached there at all events. I am afraid satan made us consult our own ease, more than the glory of God.

Wednesday, 12. I took my leave of this affectionate people, and in the Evening preached at *Clare*. What a contrast between *Clare* and *Limerick*! A little, ruinous town! No inn that could afford us either meat, or drink, or comfortable lodging! No society; and next to no congregation, till the soldiers came! After preaching, I spent an agreeable hour, with the commanding officer: and having procured a tolerable lodging in the barracks, slept in peace.

Thursday, 13. We went on, thro' a most dreary country to *Galway*; where, at the late survey, there were twenty thousand papists and five hundred protestants. But which of them are christians? Have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as he walked?

And without this, how little does it avail, whether they *are called* protestants or papists? At Six I preached in the court-house to a large congregation, who all behaved well. Friday, 14. In the Evening I preached at *Ballinrobe*, and on Saturday went on to *Castlebar*. Entering the town, I was struck with the sight of the charter-school: no gate to the court yard! A large chasm in the wall! Heaps of rubbish before the house-door! Broken windows in abundance! The whole a picture of slothfulness, nastiness and desolation! I did not dream there were any inhabitants, till the next day, I saw about forty boys and girls walking from church. As I was just behind them, I could not but observe, 1. That there was neither master nor mistress, tho' it seems, they were both well. 2. That both boys and girls were compleatly dirty. 3. That none of them seemed to have any garters on, their stockings hanging about their heels. 4. That in the heels even of many of the girls stockings, were holes larger than a crown-piece. I gave a plain account of these things to the trustees of the charter-school in *Dublin*: whether they are altered or no, I cannot tell.

Sunday, 16. I preached in the grand-jury-room, Morning and Evening to a lovely congregation, whose hearts seemed to be as melting wax. Monday, 17. I spent a comfortable Afternoon with the amiable family at *Rehins*. I know not that I could bear many such days; strong cordials must not be taken too often. Tuesday, 18. I went on to *Tubbercarragh*, and on Wednesday Morning to *Sligo*. Here I expected little comfort, as having little expectation of doing any good: and the less, as some strollers were acting a play over the market-house where I was to preach. At Seven I began in our own room. Many of the soldiers, with some officers were present. And the whole congregation, rich and poor, were so remarkably serious, that I had a faint hope, we shall see some fruit, even in cold, barren *Sligo*.

Thursday,

Thursday, 20. We had a large congregation of soldiers, as well as townsmen, at Five in the Morning. In the Evening I preached in the market-house to such a congregation as has not been seen here for many years. Surely God is giving yet another call to the poor, stupid sinners of *Sligo*.

Friday, 21. I went on to *Mannor Hamilton*, and preached to a large and serious congregation. Saturday, 22. in our way to *Swadling-bar*, the hinder axle-tree of the chaise broke in two. I borrowed an horse and rode on, till we overtook one of our friends, who was a coach-maker. By his help the damage was repaired, and things made at least, as good as they were before.

In the Evening we had a large congregation, of (mostly) experienced christians, and a larger at Eight in the Morning on Sunday: but the grand concourse was in the Evening. When the hearts of the people were as wax melting before the fire, and I trust many received the stamp of love.

Monday, 24. About Noon I preached to just such another congregation at *Tonnylomon*. Afterwards I talked with four men and eight women, who believe they are saved from sin. Their words were in wisdom as well in power: I think none who heard them could doubt of their testimony.

One of my horses having a shoe loose, I borrowed Mr. *Watson's* horse, and left him with the chaise. When we came near *Iniskillen*, I desired two only to ride with me, and the rest of our friends to keep at a distance. Some masons were at work on the first bridge, who gave us some coarse words. We had abundance more, as we rode thro' the town. But many soldiers being in the street, and taking knowledge of me in a respectful manner, the mob shrunk back. An hour after, Mr. *Watson* came in the chaise. Before he came to the bridge, many ran together, and began to throw whatever came next to hand. The bridge itself they had blocked up with large stones, so that a carriage could not

pass. But an old man cried out, "Is this the way you use strangers?" And rolled away the stones. The mob quickly rewarded him, by plastering him over with mortar from head to foot. They then fell upon the carriage, which they cut with stones in several places, and well nigh covered with dirt and mortar. From one end of the town to the other, the stones flew thick about the coachman's head. Some of them were two or three pounds weight, which they threw with all their might. If but one of them had struck him, it would have effectually prevented him from driving any farther. And then doubtless they would have given an account of the chaise and horses.

I preached at *Sydore* in the Evening and Morning, and then set out for *Roosky*. The road lay not far from *Iniskillen*. When we came pretty near the town, both men and women saluted us, first with bad words, and then with dirt and stones. My horses soon left them behind; but not till they had broke one of the windows, the glass of which came pouring in upon me; but did me no further hurt.

About an hour after, *John Smith* came to *Iniskillen*. The masons on the bridge preparing for battle, he was afraid, his horse would leap with him into the river, and therefore chose to alight. Immediately they poured in upon him a whole shower of dirt and stones. However, he made his way thro' the town, though pretty much daubed and bruised.

At *Roosky*, *Mr. Macbourney*, one of our preachers, gave me the following account. On Thursday, March 4. he went to *Mr. Perry's*, a quarter of a mile from *Achalun*, a village six or seven miles from *Iniskillen*. In the Evening, he was singing an hymn, when a large mob beset the house. Six of these rushed in, armed with clubs, and immediately fell upon the people. But many of them joining together thrust them out, and shut and fastened the door. On this they broke every pane of glass in the windows, and threw in a large quantity of stones.

They

They then broke into the house, through a weak part of the wall, and hawling out both men and women, beat them without mercy. Soon after, they dragged out Mr. Macbarnay, whom M— N— instantly knocked down. They continued beating him on the head and breast, while he lay senseless on the ground. Yet after a while, coming a little to himself, he got up; but not being quite sensible, staggered, and fell again. Then one of them set his foot upon his face, swearing, “ he would tread the Holy Ghost out of him.” Another ran his stick into his mouth. As soon as he could speak, he said, “ May God forgive you; I do.” They then set him on his horse, and M— N— got up behind, and forced him to gallop down the rocky mountain to the town. There they kept him, till a gentleman took him out of their hands, and entertained and lodged him in the most hospitable manner. But his bruises, on the head and breast in particular, would not suffer him to sleep. And ever since he has felt such inward pain and weakness, that it is a wonder he is still alive.

One of those that was much abused was Mr. Mitchell, who lives about a mile from the town. On Saturday the mob came to his house, about Eight in the Evening, swearing they “ would have his father’s heart’s blood.” They throw many large stones at the windows, and broke a great hole in the door. Thro’ this hole, Mr. Mitchell seeing no other remedy, fired twice with small shot. At the second shot, they ran away with all speed, no man looking behind him.

Mr. Perry and Mitchell applying to Mr. Irwin of Green-Hill, he granted warrants for six of the rioters; and the next week, for fifteen more: but the constable would not take them. And the next week at the assizes held in Inishillen, the Grand Jury threw out all the bills. Therefore it is to these honourable gentlemen I am obliged, for all the insults and outrage I met with. But mean time, where

is liberty, civil or religious ? Does it exist at *Athalun* or *Iniskillin* ?

Wednesday, 26. We set out at half hour past two, and reached *Omagh* a little before Eleven. Finding I could not reach *Ding-bridge* by Two o'clock in the chaise, I rode forward with all the speed I could. But the horse dropping a shoe, I was so retarded, that I did not reach the place till between Three and Four. I found the minister and the people waiting. But the church would not near contain them. So I preached near it to a mixt multitude of rich and poor, church-men, papists, and presbyterians. I was a little weary and faint when I came, the sun having shone exceeding hot. But the number and behaviour of the congregation made me forget my own weariness.

Having a good horse, I rode to the place where I was to lodge (two miles off) in about an hour. After tea, they told me another congregation was waiting: so I began preaching without delay, and warned them, of the *madness*, which was spreading among them, namely, *leaving the church*. Most of them, I believe, will take the advice: I hope, all that are of our society. The family here, put me in mind of that at *Rehins*: they breathe the same spirit.

Thursday, 27. I went on to *Londonderry*. Friday, 28. I was invited to see the bishop's palace, (a grand and beautiful structure) and his garden, newly laid, and exceeding pleasant. Here I innocently gave some offence to the gardener, by mentioning the *English* of a *Greek* word. But he set us right, warmly assuring us, "That the *English* name of the flower, is not *Crane's-bill* but *Geranium*!"

Saturday, 29. We walked out to one of the pleasantest spots, which I have seen in the kingdom. It is a garden laid out on the steep side of an hill; one shady walk of which in particular, commands all the vale and the hill beyond. The owner finished his walks—and died!

In

In the Evening I preached to a serious, artless congregation, at *Fabun*, seven miles west from *Derry*. On Whitsunday, May 30. I dined at Mr. S's a sensible, friendly man; where were five clergymen besides me, all of whom attended the preaching every Evening. One would have imagined from this friendliness of the clergy, joined with the good will both of the bishop and dean, the society would increase swiftly. But in fact, it does not increase at all: it stands just as it was two years ago: so little does the favour of man advance the work of God!

Monday, 31. At Noon I preached at *Muff*, a town five miles north east of *Derry*. In returning, the wind being in our back; and the sun in our face, it was intensely hot. But what signifies either pain or pleasure, that passes away like a dream?

Tuesday, June 1. I preached at the *New Buildings*, and spent an hour with the society. I found them as lively as ever, and more exactly regular than any society in these parts.

Wednesday, 2. I took my leave of this pleasant city, and agreeable people. When we came to the foot of the mountain beyond *Dungevan*, my horses did not chuse to draw me any farther; so I walked on seven or eight miles, and ordered them to follow me to *Cookstown*.

Thursday, 3. At Noon I preached to a large congregation on the green at *Castle-caulfield*, and in the Evening near the barracks at *Charlemount*. Friday, 4. We went on to *Armagh*. The Evening congregation in the avenue was very large and exceeding serious; rich and poor kneeling down on the grass, when I went to prayer.

Saturday, 5. I walked over the fine improvements which the Primate has made near his lodge. The ground is hardly two miles round; but it is laid out to the best advantage. Part is garden, part meadow, part planted with shrubs, or trees of various kinds. The house is built of fine, white stone, and is fit for a nobleman. He intends to carry away a bog which lies

lies behind it, and have a large piece of water in its place. He intends also to improve the town greatly and to execute many other grand designs: I doubt, too many even for a primate of *Ireland*, that is above seventy years old!

Sunday, 6. (Trinity Sunday) at Nine, I explained the great text of *St. John*, to an exceeding large congregation. We had at church an anthem, which I know not that I have heard these fifty years, *Praise the Lord, O my soul*; and sung in a manner that would not have disgraced any of our *English* cathedrals. The congregation in the Evening, was the largest I have seen in *Ulster*. And I believe for the present, all were convinced, that nothing will avail, without humble, gentle, patient love.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I preached at *Hamilton's Barn, Clanmain, Legall, the Grange, and Cockbill*. Thursday, 10. I rode to *Derry Anvil*; some of the liveliest christians I have seen in the kingdom. Eight of them I examined closely, who testified that they had never lost the Witness, nor felt any decay, since the hour they were perfected in love.

On Friday and Saturday I preached at *Portadown, Killmararty, Dawson's Grove, and Tandragee*. Sunday, 13. I preached at Nine with great enlargement of heart. At half hour past Eleven the church service began. The curate read prayers exceeding well, and the Rector preached with uncommon earnestness. But what I most admired was, 1. The cleanness of the church, equal to any I have seen in *England*. 2. The serious behaviour of the whole congregation, and 3. The excellent singing, by forty or fifty voices, half men and half women. I have heard nothing like it in any church, since I came into the kingdom.

The Rector inviting me to dinner, I spent an agreeable hour with him and his curate. The congregation at Six was exceeding numerous, and exceeding serious. We concluded the day with the societies,

societies, gathered from all parts. And great was our rejoicing: many were filled with consolation, and many feeble hands were strengthened.

Monday, 14. After preaching at *Lurgan*, I enquired of Mr. *Miller*, whether he had any thoughts of perfecting his speaking statue, which had so long lain by? He said, "He had altered his design: that he intended, if he had life and health, to make *two* which would not only speak, but sing hymns alternately with an articulate voice: that he had made a trial, and it answered well. But he could not tell when he should finish it, as he had much business of other kinds, and could only give his leisure hours to this." How amazing is it that no man of fortune enables him to give all his time to the work!

I preached in the Evening at *Lisburn*. All the time I could spare here, was taken up by poor patients. I generally asked, "What remedies have you used?" And was not a little surprized. What has fashion to do with *physic*? Why, (in *Ireland* at least) almost as much as with head-dress. *Blisters*, for any thing or nothing, were all the fashion, when I was in *Ireland* last. Now the grand fashionable medicine for twenty diseases, (who would imagine it?) is *mercury sublimé*! Why is it not an *halter*, or a *pistol*? They would cure a little more speedily.

Tuesday, 15. I went to dreary *Newtown*. This place always makes me pensive. Even in *Ireland* I hardly see any where such heaps of ruins as here. And they are considerably increased since I was here before. What a shadow is human greatness!

The Evening congregation in the new market-house appeared deeply attentive: especially the backsliders; several of whom determined to set out afresh.

When I came to *Belfast*, I learnt the real cause of the late insurrections in this neighbourhood. Lord *Donnegal*, the proprietor of almost the whole country, came hither to give his tenants new leases.

But

But when they came, they found two merchants of the town, had taken their farms over their heads; so that multitudes of them, with their wives and children were turned out to the wide world. It is no wonder that as their lives were now bitter to them, they should fly out as they did. It is rather a wonder, that they did not go much farther. And if they had, who would have been most in fault? Those who were without home, without money, without food for themselves and families? Or those who drove them to this extremity?

In the Evening I preached to a numerous congregation in the new market-house, but trifling enough. Yet by degrees they sunk into seriousness. The greater part of them came again in the Morning: and their behaviour was then remarkably decent.

Thursday, 17. There was a lovely congregation at the Shire-hall in *Carrickfergus*, very large and very serious. Nor was it much smaller at Five in the Morning. I added several to the society, and could not but hope, that there was seed sown here, that will never be rooted up.

Friday, 18. I went to *Ballimena*, and read a strange tract, that professes to discover "the inmost recesses of *Free-masonry*;" said to be "translated from the *French* original, lately published at *Berlin*." I incline to think, it is a genuine account. Only if it be, I wonder the author is suffered to live. If it be, what an amazing banter upon all mankind, is *free-masonry*! And what a secret is it which so many concur to keep! From what motive? Through fear—Or shame to own it?

In the Evening, the minister offered me the use of the church. I feared it would not contain the people, who ran together so eagerly, that it was with difficulty I could get to the door. But after we had stowed them close together, almost all could get in. I dealt exceeding plainly with them, and they had ears to hear.

Saturday,

Saturday, 19. I declared to a loving people at *Ballinderry*, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many of them experienced this; and many felt their wants; several children in particular. In the Evening I preached at *Lisburn*, and on the two following days. Monday, 21. I met a gentleman, who looked hard, and asked me, "If I did not know him?" Indeed I did not tho' I had been at his house some years ago in *Londonderry*. Mr. *Sampson* was then one of the ministers there, a lively, sensible man; very fat, and of a fresh, ruddy complexion. But he was now, after a long and severe melancholy, so thin, pale and wan, that I did not recollect one feature of his face. I spent an hour with him very agreeably. He did not shew the least touch of wildness, but calm, rational seriousness: so that I could not but believe, it is good for him, that he has seen affliction.

Wednesday, 23. I preached at *Drumbanabur* and *Newry*. Thursday, 24. Some friends from *Dublin* met us at *Drogheda*. In the Evening we walked to see the place where King *William* passed the *Boyne*. It was almost a desperate attempt, considering the depth of the river and the steepness of the banks! But God was on his side! Near the place an handsome obelisk is erected, with an inscription, giving a brief account of that memorable action.

Friday, 25. I went on to *Dublin*. I left three hundred and seventy-eight members in the society, and found four hundred and twelve, many of whom were truly alive to God. Saturday, July 3. I sent to the commanding officer, to desire leave to preach in the barracks. But he replied, "He would have no innovations." No. Whoredom, drunkenness, cursing and swearing for ever!

Monday, 5. About Eleven we crost *Dublin-bar*, and were at *Hoy-lake* the next Afternoon. This was the first night I ever lay awake in my life, (tho' I was at ease in body and mind). I believe few can say this: in seventy years I never lost one night's sleep!

In my passage I read Dr. Leland's history of *Ireland*: a fine writer, but unreasonable partial. I can easily believe, that the *Irish* were originally *Tartars* or *Scythians*, tho' calling at *Spain* in their way: but not, that they were a jot less barbarous, than their descendants in *Scotland*; or that ever they were a civilized nation, till they were civilized by the *English*: much less that *Ireland* was in the seventh or eighth century, the grand seat of learning: that it had many famous colleges; in one of which only, *Armagh*, there were seven thousand students. All this, with St. *Patrick's* converting thirty thousand at one sermon, I rank with the history of *Bel and the Dragon*.

I went by moderate stages, from *Liverpool* to *Madely*, where I arrived on Friday, 9. The next Morning we went to see the effects of the late earthquake. Such it undoubtedly was. On Monday, 27. At Four in the Morning, a rumbling noise was heard, accompanied with sudden gusts of wind, and wavings of the ground. Presently the earthquake followed; which only shook the farmer's house, and removed it entire about a yard; but carried the barn about fifteen yards, and then swallowed it up in a vast chasm: tore the ground into numberless chasms, large and small: in the large, threw up mounts, fifteen or twenty feet high: carried an hedge with two oaks above forty feet, and left them in their natural position. It then moved under the bed of the river; which making more resistance received a ruder shock, being shattered in pieces, and heaved up about thirty feet from its foundations. By throwing this and many oaks into its channel, the *Severn* was quite stopp'd up, and constrained to flow backward, till with incredible fury, it wrought itself a new channel. Such a scene of desolation I never saw. Will none tremble, when God thus terribly shakes the earth?

In the Evening I preached under a spreading oak in *Madely-Wood*. Sunday, 11. Morning and Afternoon,

noon, in the church. In the Evening I preached to the largest congregation of all, near the market-house at *Brosely*. I came back just by the famous well. But it burns no more. It ceased from the time a coal-pit was sunk near it, which drew off the sulphureous vapour.

Monday, 12. I preached at *Wolverhampton* and *Birmingham*. In my journey from *Liverpool*, I read Dr. *Byron's* poems. He has all the wit and humour of Dr. *Swift*, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding, and above all, a serious vein of piety. A few things in him I particularly remarked. 1. The first is, concerning the patron of *England*. And I think, there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of his conjecture, That "*Georgia* is a mistake for *Gregorius*: that the real patron of *England*, is St. *Gregory*, (who sent *Austin* the Monk to convert *England*) and that St. *George* (whom no one knows) came in by a mere blunder." 2. His criticisms on *Homer* and *Horace* seem to be well-grounded. Very probably the *Muses* mentioned by *Homer*, were not dogs, but attendants. And without doubt *upnas* means, not mules, but the outguards of the camp.

It seems, that ode in *Horace* ought to be read

Sume, Meccenas, eyathos amici
Sospitis. Captum & vigilis lucernas
Perfer in lucem.

In the Art of Poetry he would read,

Unumque prematur in annum :

Lib. 1. Ode 9. For Campus & arece,
Read Cantus & abece

Lib. 3. Ode 9. For Tum mebit mis praesidio scap-
tice aura feret :

Read Cum me—Aura ferat.

Lib. 3. Ode 23. Read Thure placaris & horna
Frugae Lares, avidasque Parcas. And

Lib. 1. Ode 20. Read Vile potaba.

A few things in the second volume are taken from *Jacob Behmen*: to whom I object, not only that he is *obscure*: (altho' even this is an inexcusable fault in a writer on practical religion) not only that his whole hypothesis is *unproved*; wholly unsupported either by scripture or reason: but that the ingenious madman ever and over contradicts christian experience, reason, scripture, and himself.

But setting these things aside, we have some of the finest sentiments that ever appeared in the *English* tongue: some of the noblest truths expressed with the utmost energy of language, and the strongest colours of poetry. So that, upon the whole, I trust this publication will much advance the cause of God, and of true religion.

Tuesday, 13. I preached at *Wednesbury*: Wednesday, 14. at *Dudley* and *Birmingham*. Thursday, 15. I went on to *Witney*, and had the satisfaction to find, that the work of God was still increasing. In the Evening, I preached at the East end of the town, to a numerous and attentive congregation. In the Morning, I met the select society, full of faith and love; although the greater part of them are young; some little more than children. At Six, I preached at the West end of the town, near Mr. *Bolton's* door. After preaching, I had a pleasant journey to *Wheatley*, and the next day to *London*.

In this journey, I read over that strange book, the life of *Sextus Quintus*, an hog driver at first, then a monk, a priest, a bishop, a cardinal, a pope. He was certainly as great a genius, in his way, as any that ever lived. He did great things; and designed far greater: but death prevented the execution. And he had many excellent qualities; but was full as far from being a christian, as *Henry VIII.* or *Oliver Cromwell*.

Wednesday, 21. We had our quarterly meeting at *London*: at which I was surprized to find, that our income does not yet answer our expence. We were again near two hundred pounds bad. My private

vate account I find still worse. I have laboured as much as many writers. And all my labour has gained me, in seventy years, a debt of five or six hundred pounds.

Sunday, 25. was a day of strong consolation, particularly at *Spitalfields*. At Five, I preached in *Moorfields*, to (it was supposed) the largest congregation that ever assembled there. But my voice was so strengthened, that those, who were farthest off, could hear perfectly well. So the season for field-preaching is not yet over. It cannot, while so many are in their sins and in their blood.

Tuesday, August 3. Our conference began. I preached Mornings as well as Evenings. And it was all one. I found myself just as strong, as if I had preached but once a day.

Sunday, 8. At night I set out in the machine, and on Monday reached *Bristol*. In the way, I looked over Mr. ———'s dissertations. I was surprized to find him a thorough convert of Mr. *Stonehouse's*, both as to the pre-existence of souls, and the non-externity of hell. But he is far more merciful than Mr. *Stonehouse*. He allows it to last (not five millions, but) only thirty thousand years?

It would be excusable, if these menders of the bible would offer their hypotheses modestly. But one cannot excuse them, when they not only obtrude their novel scheme with the utmost confidence, but even ridicule that scriptural one, which always was, and is now held by men of the greatest learning and piety in the world. Hereby they promote the cause of infidelity more effectually, than either *Hume* or *Voltaire*.

Thursday, 12. I set out for *Cornwall*; and the next day we came to *Collumpton*. For five or six days, I think, the weather has been as hot as it is in *Georgia*. After preaching, I went on to *Exeter* with *Ralph Matber*, then an humble, scriptural christian. Saturday, 14. I went on to *Plymouth-dock*, and in the Evening preached in the square. Sunday, 15.

As I could not sleep, (an uncommon thing with me) till near Two in the Morning, my companion was afraid, I should not be able to go through the labour of the day. But I knew, I did not go a warfare at my own cost. At Seven, I preached in Mr. *Kingsman's* preaching-house, on *Strive to enter in at the strait gate*. And I think many received the truth in the love thereof. Between One and Two, I preached in the tabernacle at *Plymouth*, and in the Evening declared in the square, to a multitude of people, the nature of that love, without which all we say, know, believe, do and suffer, profits nothing.

Monday, 16. In the Evening, I preached at *St. Austel*; Tuesday, 17. in the coinage-hall at *Truro*; at Six, in the main street at *Helfton*. How changed is this town, since a Methodist preacher could not ride through it, without hazard of his life!

Wednesday, 18. I preached in the town-hall in *Pennance*. It was soon filled from end to end. And it was filled with the power of God. One would have thought, every soul must have bowed down before him. In the Evening, I preached at *St. Just*; Thursday, 20. in *Pennance* and *Marazion*; and in the Evening in the market-place at *St. Ives*, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in *Cornwall*.

Saturday, 22. I preached in *Illogan* and at *Redruth*; Sunday, 23. in *St. Agnes* church, a town, at Eight; about One, at *Redruth*; and at Five, in the amphitheatre at *Gwennap*. The people both filled it, and covered the ground round about, to a considerable distance. So that, supposing the space to be four-score yards square, and to contain five persons in a square yard, there must be above two and thirty thousand people: the largest assembly I ever preached to. Yet, I found, upon enquiry, all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation! Perhaps the first time, that a man of seventy had been heard by thirty thousand persons at once!

Hence

Hence I went by *St. Cuthberts, Port Isaac, Camelford, and Launceston*, to *Tiverton*. Saturday, 28. I returned to *Bristol*.

Friday, September 3. I went over to *Kingswood*, and enquired into the ground of many heavy charges, which had been confidently advanced against the management there. One article was true, and no more. And this fault is now amended.

I waited a few days, before I sat down what has lately occurred among the children here. From the time God visited them last, several of them retained a measure of the fear of God. But they grew colder and colder, till *Ralph Mather* met them in the latter end of August. Several then resolved to meet in class again, and appeared to have good desires. On Saturday, September 4. he talked with three of them, about Four in the Afternoon. These freely confessed their besetting sins, and appeared to be greatly humbled. At Five all the children met in the school. During an exhortation then given, first one, then two or three were much affected. Afterwards two more were taken apart, who were soon deeply distressed: and one of them (*James Whitestone*), in less than half an hour, found a clear sense of the love of God. Near Seven, they came down the boys in the school; and Mr. *Mather* asked, "Which of you will serve God?" They all seemed to be thunderstruck, and ten or twelve fell down upon their knees. Mr. *Mather* prayed, and then *James Whitestone*. Immediately one and another cried out, which brought in the other boys, who seemed struck more and more, till about thirty were kneeling and praying at once. Before half hour past Nine, ten of them knew, that they were accepted in the beloved. Several more were brought to the birth; and all the children, but three or four, were affected more or less.

Sunday, 5. I examined sixteen of them, who desired to partake of the Lord's supper. Nine or Ten had

had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. The others were fully determined never to rest, till they could witness the same confession.

Eighteen of the children from that time met in three bands, besides twelve who met in trial band. These were remarkable for their love to each other, as well as for steady seriousness. They met every day : beside which, all the children met in class.

Those who found peace were, *James Whitestone, Alexander Mather, Matthew Lowes, William Snowdon, John Keil, Charles Farr, John Hamilton, Benjamin Harris, and Edward Keil.*

Monday, 6. After Mr. Mather had preached at *Pensford*, he met the children there. Presently the spirit of contrition fell upon them, and then the spirit of grace, and of supplication, till the greater part of them were crying together for mercy, with a loud and bitter cry. And all Miss Owen's children but one, (two and twenty in number) were exceedingly comforted.

Friday, 10. I went over to *Kingwood*, and enquired into the present state of the children. I found part of them had walked closely with God ; part had not, and were in heaviness. Hearing in the Evening, that they were got to prayer by themselves in the school, I went down ; but not being willing to disturb them, stood at the window. Two or three had gone in first ; then more and more, till above thirty were gathered together. Such a sight I never saw, before nor since : Three or four stood and stared as if affrighted. The rest were all on their knees, pouring out their souls before God, in a manner not easy to be described. Sometimes one, sometimes more, prayed aloud : sometimes a cry went up from them all : till five or six of them who were in doubts before, saw the clear light of God's countenance.

Sunday, 12. Four of Miss Owen's children, desired leave to partake of the Lord's supper. I talked with

with them severally, and found they were all still rejoicing in the love of God. And they confirmed the account, that "there was only one of their whole number, who was unaffected on Monday: But all the rest could then say with confidence, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." I suppose, such a visitation of children, has not been known in *England* these hundred years! In so marvellous a manner *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings* God *has perfected praise!*

F I N I S.

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